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FROM THE SUPERHUMAN TO THE HUMAN IN *PARADISE LOST*

ELMER EDGAR STOLL

ONE of the greatest beauties of *Paradise Lost* lies, I think, in the gradual transition from the supernatural to the natural, in the felicitous approach and descent to the close. I have elsewhere[1] shown the twilight scene at the last, with its pensive mood and rhythm, the exiled pair looking forward but also backward, going hand in hand but with wandering steps and slow, to be appropriate not only to the situation—this end of Paradise and beginning of life—but to the rest of the poem. I there pointed out a few of the many preparations for such a quiet and consolatory ending in the avowed purpose of God to bring good out of evil, make death not only a penalty but a remedy, and dismiss our first parents, though sorrowing, yet in peace. And I there hinted at the larger internal rhythm of the poem:

> Twilight and dim horizons at the end—after the darkness visible and lurid splendors of Hell, after the glories of Heaven, after the sweet but unreal light of Paradise. At the beginning the towering passions of the devils and the ecstasies of the saints; the naked and spotless purity of Paradise in between; and now the shame and sorrow, and love and hope, of frail humanity.

It is on this last subject that I wish now to dwell, endeavouring to indicate how, in the conception and presentation of the scene, of the character, and of the sentiments, the poet keeps proportion and propriety, and thus leads us, also, from Hell and Heaven to Paradise and then out into the world.

[1] *Poets and Playwrights* (1930), chapter vii: "Was Paradise Well Lost?" *Cf.* also "Milton a Romantic" (*Review of English Studies*, October, 1932).

It is, of course, difficult to determine the purpose of an author in a long epic or novel which has taken years in the writing and has for years been borne in mind. His purpose changes, as in *Don Quixote*; his powers fail him, as in *Faust*. And especially is this the case with the expression. If Milton's purpose was, as I think, to adapt his style to the subject and scene, and gradually to approach the exquisite simplicity and chastened humanity of the close, how much of this may, in the upshot, be merely accidental, and owing to a decline in energy or a change in taste! These possibilities must be allowed for. Indeed, there is, in the later books, a drift (if ever the great Puritan drifted) to the style which prevails in *Paradise Regained*. There is something of the same dryness and conciseness, the same tendency to parenthesis, ellipsis, and a less dynamic rhythm.[2] But even in *Paradise Regained* these qualities are prominent only where Milton's imagination is not fully stimulated, and are there so frequently only because his imagination is less seldom aroused. They do not trouble us in the later *Samson Agonistes*; nor do they in the earlier epic. In the close of *Paradise Lost* there is no sign of them; and for our purposes, in this essay, they need not be considered further.

There is another rhythm in the poem than that above mentioned, still more a matter of equilibrium—I mean the paradox or antinomy of good coming out of evil, of death not only a penalty but a remedy, and even the "gate of life." This, which has been thought to be an inconsiderate contradiction, the result of an afterthought, is really the specific problem of the drama, and an example

[2]For a finely discriminating account of this and other aspects of Milton's rhythm in *Paradise Lost*, see Professor Mackail's essay on Milton in *The Springs of Helicon* (1909), to which I am here indebted.

of that "balance or reconcilement of opposite or discordant qualities" which Coleridge expects in a poem. Both as art and as reality the antinomy is in the end acceptable. The Lord does not contradict himself in that having pronounced death as a punishment he later declares it to be a relief. Death is both, we know. And such a reconcilement of opposites furnishes the essential structure not only of the greatest epics but also of the greatest tragedies and lyrics. We have only to recall great epics and tragedies of fate and free will like the *Iliad* and the *Œdipus*, *Macbeth* and *Othello*, and lyrics from Drayton's *Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part* to Patmore's *Azalea*.

And there is still another sort of rhythm involved with this, as the theme of woe yields to that of hope. I have remarked[3] upon the second and third lines,

> whose mortal taste
> Brought Death into the world, and all our woe,

as a sublime wail for the sin of the world which echoes and re-echoes through the poem. The phrase "all our woe" is a *leitmotiv* which reappears, in the same position in the metre, both when Sin takes the key of Hell from her girdle and when the Serpent leads the woman to the tree; and in the ninth book, that of the temptation, it recurs in changing form, six several times. Once the woe has really come, the theme subsides, and that of hope and reconciliation, touched upon even in the following line of the Exordium, "till one greater man restore us," replaces it. While the human pair were happy and guiltless, woe hung over them; once fallen, it is hope instead. There is thus attained the contrasting "duplicity"

[3] *Poets and Playwrights*, chapter ix: "Milton, Puritan of the Seventeenth Century." From this discussion is drawn also some part of the subsequent description of Milton's grand style, and of the contrast between him and Dante.

of effect, and the richness in texture, that belongs to great poetry and drama.

Something of the same time-honoured principle undoubtedly prompted the poet as at the beginning he aroused sympathy and admiration for Satan. Whether the Devil be the hero or not, and whether or not it was intended that he should be, Milton, if he was to pen a great poem on the subject and begin it at the point in the story that he had (and rightly) chosen, did but what he must do. Even Iago is made to win our admiration, and though Othello both does that and wins our sympathy besides, he appears at the outset, not, like Adam, late in the story, and is a great tragic figure, not, like him, an innocent. Man and woman, until much later, are only a pair of pawns; and Satan's true antagonist is the King of Heaven. But even so, Milton shows flexibility and tact. Satan degenerates and gradually loses our sympathy.[4] As he surveys the new world and then approaches the couple in Paradise, he falls more and more a prey to envy and hatred, jeers and sneers instead of breathing defiance and melancholy, and stoops to flattery and deceit. And when he returns in triumph he has recourse, in his vainglory, to stage-acting and melodrama. Rightly his greatness is abated and his lustre beclouded as the sympathy is shifted to the tempted and misled. In his own nature and his primal dimensions, the demigod, though fallen, would overshadow the human pair. So far as they know, their tempter is only the Serpent.

But at first it is as he is—an archangel newly overthrown, his form having not yet lost all her original brightness, matchless but with the Almighty—that he, like his followers, must be presented. They are Titans, as against the gods of Olympus; they are spirits of evil, in

[4]Sir Walter Raleigh denies this (*Milton*, 1915, p. 139).

keeping with the vaster imaginings in the Psalms, the Prophets, and the Revelation, and with Milton's own. For the presentation of the invisible, the seventeenth-century poet found the restricted limits and materialistic conception of Dante inadequate. He magnifies and dilates, circles about or adumbrates, where the Tuscan grasps or penetrates. To this end he has recourse to many rhetorical devices of the ancients, with new and mysterious effect. He employs abstraction and oxymoron, hyperbole and circumlocution, both in the speech of the beings themselves and in the description of them and their shadowy abode. Satan's

> What reenforcement we may gain from hope;
> If not, what resolution from despair. . .[5]

is a paradox or oxymoron like the "darkness visible" and "if shape it might be called that shape had none," employed by the poet himself. Circumlocutions like "the sounding alchemy" for trumpets, and abstractions like "the grisly Terror" for death, abound. The fallen angels are thus and otherwise made lofty and indefinable in person and power, thought and feeling, movement and demeanour. Their deliberations are a ceremonial, their diversions a spectacle. And the wild and melancholy scene is a fitting background.

With this the whole stylistic and metrical effect, whether in the speeches or in the poet's descriptions, is in unison. There is the true sublime, elevation without inflation. Plain and simple words are not avoided, but all common or mean associations are. The imagery is drawn from legend, history, or the large, remote, and extraordinary phenomena of nature, frequently coloured or clouded by superstition. And the metrical effects

[5] *Paradise Lost*, I, 190-1.

have a range and volume elsewhere unexampled in English poetry. This is the organ-voice of England, and sooner or later every stop is touched. In short, as never before in the history of poetry, the classical and Renaissance epic prescription of the "heroic" and the "marvellous" is observed, and everything is in proportion and in harmony in this world of shades and of woe.

It is so in Heaven, with bliss for torment, and light for darkness, though, until the schism and the battle, with rather too much of theology and theodicy for poetry and drama. As is well known, Milton is less at home in the ethereal regions than with the thunderous atmosphere and bold chiaroscuro of Hell. But there is poetry in the adoration of the saints, drama in the combat, apocalyptic pageantry in the triumph of the Son of God. It is the grand style, again, unmistakably. Yet even here, amid the communings of the dual Deity, there is a note of tenderness and of interest in the human life that is to be, which, thus remotely, prepares us for the close. The expression of this, though still noble, is simple:

> Father, thy word is past; Man shall find grace;
> And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
> The speediest of thy winged messengers,
> To visit all thy creatures, and to all
> Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
> Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
> Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
> Atonement for himself or offering meet,
> Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
> Behóld me thén, mé for hím, lífe for lífe
> I óffer: on mé lèt thine ánger fáll . . .[6]

If ever there was fit wording or rhythm for the divine love and pity, it is here.

The schism and combat are, of course, previous

[6] *Ibid.*, III, 227-37.

history, relegated to Books V and VI in the tale of Raphael. Here again is the organ music of Books I and II. In Book III, where stands the above passage, and the scene is Heaven, the range and volume, though appropriate, are necessarily somewhat reduced. There is no broad contrast; no strife or contention, for that is now over; and a voice tender and compassionate arises in this heroic Heaven. In Hell there is only pathos, as the angels consider their own hapless fall.

Satan discovers Paradise; and here there is a change. The scene is sinless and idyllic, like the two inhabitants; and the tone is lowered. This is no such life or country as we know of, but the proportions of either are more within our compass. It is earth and man, though before the fall. Satan still speaks in a high style, but, to fit his degenerating nature, a style less elevated than in Hell; and Adam and Eve, in a tone proper to their surroundings, to their worship, and their love. Their imagery is drawn from nature; the poet's own, from the lovelier aspects of mythology and Greek and Latin verse. And in his contemplations and reminiscences a vein of tenderness and pathos is laid bare, with exquisitely fitting accompaniment. The organ becomes the flute, or rather, it is the same instrument, played with the softer stops:

> Not that fair field
> Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flow'rs,
> Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis
> Was gáther'd, whích còst Céres áll thàt páin
> To séek her thróugh the wórld.[7]

It is such a harmony, and cadence, as is not to be found in Books I and II, or even in Book III, but somewhat like these others:[8]

[7] *Ibid.*, IV, 268-72.
[8] *Ibid.*, IV, 256, 730-1.

Flów'rs of àll húe, and withoùt thórn the róse.

whére thy abúndance wánts
Partákers, and ùncrópt fálls to the gróund.

The scene is Paradise, but the Fiend is in it. And in the more heart-felt emotions of the human pair, though still sinless, there is something of the seriousness or sadness of tone that to Milton, as to most artists, is inseparable from happiness:

to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side.[9]

Here already there is the throb of a mortal voice, and in Milton's Paradise there is no happiness unalloyed. At dawn they rise, and before the curse is come upon them they work. Of the bliss of idleness he has no conception; and life as we know it is not afar.

It is a felicitous arrangement that this account of the first day on earth should include its close. Sunlight is not easily distinguishable from the light of Heaven; but twilight and the nightingale, the moon and the stars, are neither of Heaven above them nor of Hell under the earth; and they are indissolubly associated with the mingled emotions of our common humanity:

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd; now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphire: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length

[9] *Ibid.*, IV, 483-5.

> Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
> And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.[10]

With that we are more at home, and the expression is serene and simple as the evening itself. Three shadowy scenes in the poem linger in my memory: the "dismal situation waste and wild" at the beginning, this first evening on earth near the middle, and the evening when Adam and Eve, out in the world, look back at their happy seat "wav'd over by that flaming brand." The three mark stages in the epic.

Next day, with the visit of Raphael, which is prompted by the pity of the King of Heaven, comes his tale of the Rebellion and the downfall of the angels, a warning against disobedience, in the Titanic style once more. This throws the innocence that precedes and the humanity which follows the day after, into relief. In the difference of opinion between the man and the woman before they separate in the garden, the limitations of human nature, such as have already become apparent, more clearly assert themselves—without a weakness how can one fall? And with the temptation we are in the midst of life at once, the arts and wiles of the Devil awakening the vanity and curiosity, the jealousy and wilfulness of Eve. The style is not wholly simple, for Satan is the chief speaker and this is the great moment of the story; yet he is in the Serpent, and is addressing a woman. The style fluctuates, as it should do, according to speaker, mood, and occasion; but it never reaches the height of that in Hell or in Heaven. The poet himself enjoys more freedom, as when he likens the Serpent, leading the way, to the will o' the wisp—

> Hóvering | and bláz|ing wíth | delús|ive líght.[11]

[10] *Ibid.*, IV, 598-609.
[11] *Ibid.*, IX, 639.

We must be reminded that he is more than bestial or human, and how he flickers and allures!

Epic grandeur must and does give place to drama. There is simplicity (and presently duplicity) enough in Eve, and this is fine and vivid. In Paradise, she is already fairly a woman of this world. Having dwelt on the whole subject elsewhere,[12] I will here only point to the skill wherewith Milton avoids the danger of her now seeming a different person. In the dispute with Adam before she left him she is still irreproachable, though well-nigh a mortal female in her pique:

> But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
> To God or thee, because we have a Foe
> May tempt it, I expected not to hear
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
> Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?[13]

Yet how sweet and inveigling in wording and in rhythm! It is a sign of his love and faith that she should be permitted to "have her way"! And it is not so much her vanity and curiosity as her wilfulness, and in particular her resentment against what seems to her the ungenerosity of the prohibition, that is her undoing. A very woman, she is centred in her affections: through them she falls, and once fallen she is to them a prey. Shall I tell him and share with him? Or rather not, the more to draw his love and render me more equal, and perhaps superior? But what if God have seen and death ensue, and Adam, wedded to another Eve, shall live with her enjoying, I extinct? A death to think!

> So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
> I could endure, without him live no life.[14]

[12] *Poets and Playwrights*, pp. 257-67.
[13] *Paradise Lost*, IX, 279-99.
[14] *Ibid.*, IX, 832-3.

That is true, despite the blandishments and cajolery with which she approaches him and betrays him; and her feeling is sincere and unfeigned as for joy she embraced him, and

> Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
> Had so ennobl'd, as of choice to incur
> Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.[15]

Through her vicissitudes her character is, as far as is possible, kept intact. She is still herself as she retorts to Adam's later upbraidings:

> Was I to have never parted from thy side?
> As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
> Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
> Command me absolutely not to go . . .[16]

She is herself above all in her tenderness and repentance as she assumes the whole burden of fault, especially in the lines:

> Forsake me not thus, Adam; witness Heav'n
> What love sincere . . .[17]

> Between us two let there be peace; both joining,
> As joined in injuries . . .[18]

Her language is always a woman's, and this broken rhythm is that of a woman's pleading.

From the moment of temptation on, the speeches of Adam and Eve are, save for some of Adam's lamentations and upbraidings, simple in expression, but all are more complicated in matter, as befits those of many-sided human nature. They are now the voice of pathos or affection, wisdom or fortitude, hope or fear, as at the temptation they were that of resentment and deceit,

[15] *Ibid.*, IX, 991-3.
[16] *Ibid.*, IX, 1153-6.
[17] *Ibid.*, X, 914-5.
[18] *Ibid.*, X, 924-5.

vanity and an affection beyond measure. They have now the complication, but (though more of that) not the energy and elevation, or the admixture of evil, to be found in those of the fallen angels at the beginning. Even the speeches of the Lord and of the Son are less exalted than formerly, being not those of wrath and justice but of mercy and compassion. And of the Deity things are now said that were not said before:

> And thought not much[19] to clothe his enemies.[20]

> . . yet this will prayer,
> Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
> Ev'n to the Seat of God.[21]

The verse itself is such a sigh:

> and in mind prepar'd, if so befal,
> For death, like that which the Redeemer died.[22]

Here, somewhat before its time, is the New Dispensation, which is to preside over the exile. Of the world under it, good being brought out of evil (though not profusely), there is a vision vouchsafed to Adam and a prophecy from the lips of Michael. And for that mingled web, good and ill together, that complex of thoughts and emotions which makes up the situation at the close and represents human experience ever since, there are now continual preparations. Of such a nature are passages like these:[23]

> but strive
> In offices of love, how we may light'n
> Each other's burden in our share of woe.

> new hope to spring
> Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet linkt.

[19]That is, that it was not too much to do.
[20]*Paradise Lost*, X, 219.
[21]*Ibid.*, XI, 146-8.
[22]*Ibid.*, XII, 444-5.
[23]*Ibid.*, X, 959-61; XI, 138-9, 290-1, 553-4; XII, 473-6, 614-9.

> Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
> Thy husband . . .
>
> Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
> Live well; how long or short permit to Heav'n.
>
> full of doubt I stand,
> Whether I should repent me now of sin
> By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice
> Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring.
>
> but now lead on,
> In me is no delay; with thee to go
> Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
> Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
> Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,
> Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence.

The last are Eve's final words. Though she is not happy, still less "elated," in her and her mate at least good has come out of evil, strength out of weakness, hope out of despair, sweetness out of bitterness, and joy is link't with fear. And in those passages and others like them in the last two books, there is both the conception of life and something of the mood and utterance that we find in

> The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
> They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way.[24]

I have remarked[25] upon a fine effect, attained by Dante, of continual interplay, parallelism and contrast, between life on earth and that in Hell, Purgatory, or Heaven. The earth, though not described or presented, is ever the *point de repère* of the story, and by way of the memory not only of the living men but of the shades. This, together with the impression of the spirits, human

[24] *Ibid.*, XII, 646-9.
[25] *Poets and Playwrights*, pp. 281-9.

and superhuman, upon the visitor, and still more that of him upon them, is his chief and most fruitful means of presenting the spiritual world. In *Paradise Lost* no such effect of compression and volume was possible. There mortal life begins only at the end. But instead there are the effects of rhythm and equilibrium that we have noticed, and also those of progression and gradation. There is no such juxtaposition and interplay, but Hell and Heaven are intent upon the earth from the time of the fall of the angels; they there meet and contend with each other for possession of it; and though good on the whole prevails, human life, now beginning, is of their making. The last shadowy scene of exile, though another spirit informs it, recalls the first. There is, therefore, in keeping with this progress, an appropriate decrease in the magnitude, and increase in the complexity, of both the emotions and the expression, as we proceed through the great poem to its close.

THE NATIONAL-SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN GERMANY

R. Flenley

ADOLF HITLER, the leader of the N.S.D.A.P. (Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiter Partei) was appointed chancellor of Germany on January 30, 1933, and has now been in office for over half a year. In the middle of July he declared that the Nazi revolution, which his entry into office inaugurated, was over. The time seems suitable, therefore, for an attempt at a survey of the revolution, with the proviso that, official declaration notwithstanding, the revolution is no more closed than that of France was when Napoleon, after his *coup d'état* in 1799, made a similar declaration. And, in any case, closed or not, it is too early to judge or generalize about the Nazi revolution, as the recollections of our early judgments about the Fascist revolution in Italy should remind us. All we can do is to observe its course and examine its nature as far as its actions and words allow.

The Background: Fact and Legend

The Nazi or Hitler revolution grew out of the war, the collapse of Germany in 1918, and the hardships, discontents, and disorders of the years that followed. It is impossible to recount here the history of Germany from the revolution of November, 1918, to that of 1933, but certain aspects of this history require mention in explanation of the Nazi triumph. The defeat in the war, the abdication and flight of emperor and princes, the failure and bankruptcy of the military dictatorship of Ludendorff and Hindenburg, left, as in France in 1871, a "vacancy of power." Out of this arose, with remark-

able ease and speed, the Weimar Republic, its constitution largely the work of Hugo Preuss, a Jewish radical lawyer. At one bound Germany passed from a federation of largely monarchist states under the Hohenzollern emperors, supported by the army, the landed aristocracy, the bureaucracy, and large-scale industry, to a more unified (though still federal) republic of extremely democratic design under an elected president. Everyone of both sexes over the age of twenty was given the franchise; the Reichstag was to be the supreme expression of the will of the people. The revolution was to be social as well as political, and the old social inequalities were to go: titles were abolished; henceforth all German citizens were to be equal in rank and status. Germany leapt into the van of western democracy under the leadership of the Social Democratic party, resting primarily on the proletariat of the towns and the trade unions, though the Social Democrat soon had to share power (and so responsibility) with the Catholic Centre party.

But it proved easier to draft such a constitution than to educate the German people to live by it, or to provide the necessary leadership for such a time. The new system made too violent a breach with the old. The grant of the vote at the age of twenty was probably unwise. The system of election encouraged the multiplication of parties and groups, and minimized the personal connection between the voter and the Reichstag. There the old feuds and hatreds which had weakened the Reichstag before 1914, reappeared in full force, strengthened by the passions and miseries of the time. The new system, indeed, never had a fair chance. It inevitably became identified with both the political and economic hardships resulting from the unprecedented strain of

the period of the war, and with the humiliation and losses expressed in the Armistice, the military occupation of the Rhine territory, and the Versailles Treaty. Into the terms or the defects of the peace settlement we cannot here enter. That it went too far and was too hard on Germany, may be freely admitted, though considering the circumstances it was less bad than is often now asserted.

But it was the defeat, as much as the treaty, which Germany could not get over. No treaty based on defeat would have been acceptable, and out of the seeming incredibility of the defeat grew up, zealously fostered by interested parties, the legend that Germany in 1918 had been "stabbed in the back" by Bolshevist influences within the country, rather than defeated in the field. The Socialist régime, rather than Ludendorff, was made responsible for Germany's downfall. The vicious reparations wrangle and tangle, the occupation of the Ruhr, and the inflation, naturally had their effect on the situation. The last of these largely ruined the most stable element in Germany, the middle class. Following the inflation, from 1925 onward, came a certain relief in the dark picture of economic conditions in Germany after the war, due largely to the influx of foreign capital. The foreign situation improved with Stresemann's direction and with Locarno. But the new machinery of Germany's rebuilt factories itself tended to encourage unemployment, and when the general depression came in 1929, Germany felt its full force. The volume of unemployment became unprecedentedly large, not merely of workmen but of all classes. Not least acute was the problem of those who had after the war crowded the universities and who at graduation found no prospect of employment.

The greatly increased entry of women there and into industry further complicated the problem.

All these and other accompanying causes of discontent, unrest, and agitation increased in intensity between 1929 and 1933. The number of registered unemployed rose in the winter of 1932-3 to six millions or more. Despite the solid achievements of men like Stresemann and Brüning, the Weimar Republic declined in strength. Brüning dissolved the Reichstag and tried to rule without it; the president later virtually dismissed Brüning. Parliamentary government was becoming increasingly difficult, as the more frequent elections, each displaying an absurdly lengthy list of parties or groups, showed. The Republic had been astonishingly mild in its treatment of its enemies, who now began to hold up their heads. On the one hand, the Nationalists, Monarchists, Junkers, army men, men of the old régime—the members of the "Herrenklub," regardless of their responsibility for the calamities of the war and its aftermath, became more insistent in their accusation that it was the Republic, under the "Marxists" and the Centre, which had destroyed Germany and which now prevented her resurgence. The growing demand for the revision of the treaty, above all of the Polish Corridor, and the stopping of reparation payments, were encouraged by the skilful propaganda of men like Hugenberg. Germany, despite her rich heritage of cultural education, is singularly responsive to propaganda, and Hugenberg, Conservative Nationalist, ex-official, capitalist, financier, owner of a powerful news-agency, of a long string of newspapers, of film corporations, was able to exercise a considerable influence over public opinion. Of Communism, at the other extreme, it is more difficult to write with any degree of certainty. Its voting strength,

which had been in decline since 1920 (from nineteen per cent. in 1920 to ten per cent. in 1928) rose in July, 1932, to fourteen per cent. and in November to nearly nineteen per cent. again. And clashes between the Communists and their opponents certainly increased in number. To an outsider it seems incredible that Germany, so fundamentally different from Russia, was in any danger whatsoever of being "Bolshevized" either from within or without. Naturally, unemployed and starving men were ready to vote Communist. But the whole history of German Socialism shows that Labour in Germany was not Communistic, was not even Marxist. It was, however, part of the anti-Weimar propaganda to make the most of the Communist danger, naturally in conjunction with the Russian revolution. Above all, the growing Nazi movement fostered, and threw on, the legend that Germany was in imminent danger of Bolshevism, culturally, politically, and economically. To this Nazi movement, the real, and as it proved the successful, overthrower of the Republic of Weimar, we must now turn.

The Hitler Movement

The Nazi movement was primarily the creation of Adolf Hitler, though others such as Feder, an ardent but unorthodox economist, the Strasser brothers, who helped to organize the party and develop its social ideas, Rosenberg, the Baltic anti-Jew and anti-Bolshevik, Göring, the crusading Fascist, Göbbels, the tireless propagandist, Röhm, the leader of the storm troops, all aided in the growth of the movement after its foundation in 1919. Hitler's personality and career, however, have associated the movement above all with his name. He became, and remains, the *Führer*, the leader, the Mussolini

of Germany—Danton and Napoleon rolled into one, as one of his followers called him.

The son of an Austrian customs official of no wealth or position in a border town, Hitler early developed a passionate faith in the German Fatherland, a faith strengthened by some years spent in cosmopolitan Vienna as a workman. The war gave him the opportunity to put his faith into action by joining a Bavarian regiment, and he fought through the war in the ranks. The peace left him, like many another, adrift. It was whilst engaged (still in the army) as reporter of political activities for his regiment in Munich that he fell in with a tiny group which called itself the German Labour party. Here he found a platform, his ideas crystallized, and he developed into a first-rate popular orator, vigorous, pungent, free of gesture, with the requisite touch of humour, appealing not to the intellectual class but to the humbler folk, and not least to the youth of both sexes, now enfranchised. He found ample material for his oratory in the gravity and distress of the post-war situation. His hearers increased in numbers, and the organization of the movement took shape. It found the swastika sign and the flag, borrowed songs, salute, shirt uniform (though brown instead of black), inspiration, and methods from the Fascists of Italy. Funds it secured from its members, and later from some of the big industrialists of the Ruhr, who naturally approved of its hostility to Marxism and were ready to make use of any such movement to serve their own ends. It owed not a little to the Youth Movement which had spread all over Germany, as an attempt of the new generation to express its freedom from older faiths and shibboleths, and which now, just when it was outgrowing its early youth, found in the Nazi movement a more

definite and positive creed and purpose. The S.A. or *Sturm Abteilungen* were organized to fight for its ideas, and, though its headquarters remained in Munich in the famous Brown House, branches appeared all over Germany. The programme of the movement was drawn up in 1920 and was later declared unchangeable. The movement breathed enthusiasm and devotion to its leader and his ideas. In addition to the ex-soldier and the youth of Germany, it drew much of its support from the lower middle class, small shopkeepers and the like, ground between big Capitalism and Socialism.

Hitler's ideas are most freely expressed in the book *My Struggle* (*Mein Kampf*), which he wrote during the imprisonment following his futile attempt in November, 1923, to stage a *coup d'état*, with the support of Ludendorff. The volume is a confused medley of autobiography and theory which, for all its eight hundred pages, does not anywhere contain a clear and succinct statement of the aims or the programme of the party. Yet it reflects, perhaps the more truly, the ideas of the leader. The views expressed are those of an extremist, which in part accounted for their success. They are the fruit of his formative years in Vienna, crowned by the war and the collapse of 1918. The Habsburgs he detested as the enemies of Germany's greatness, and he shed no tears over their downfall. Their disappearance opened the way to "the most burning wish of his heart," "the union of my beloved homeland to the common fatherland of Germany." Germany is the sun and centre of his universe. Though a Catholic, the state came before the church in his allegiance. Owing loyalty to none of the states of Germany, he was the more able to devote himself to the idea of the whole Reich. His belief in Germany, like his whole creed, had something of a religious

and moral enthusiasm about it. Germany, the German race, German culture, the old monarchy, the firm and upright administration, not least the army, aroused his enthusiasm, which has not a little of Wagnerian romanticism in it. His faith in the army, which he regarded as the real university of the German people before the war, survived the test of the war. The German army fulfilled his ideal of a natural aristocracy of leaders bound in a close personal relationship to their subordinates. It trained the body for hardship, gave comradeship in training as in war, was free from false intellectualism. Hitler and his movement have throughout possessed a strong military quality.

Hitler left Vienna more than a nationalist, he was also a racialist. There is nothing original in this. Fichte first preached German racialism over a century ago, and influenced by later popularizers like Chamberlain, and reacting against international Socialism and Jews in Vienna, Hitler became a fanatical racialist. The Aryans alone are idealists; they alone have contributed everything original or valuable to mankind. The Germans are, or should be, pure Aryan, the precious heirs and first trustees of civilization. It mattered nothing that the very word Aryan, a linguistic term, is no longer employed by students of human races, who employ other methods of classification, or that Germany, lying along the path by which most of the invaders of western Europe, including non-Aryans, had passed, might not be racially pure. Hitler himself, dark and roundheaded, is of Alpine rather than Nordic stock. No matter, he is Aryan in blood, whatever that may mean, and "in blood alone lies the strength and also the weakness of mankind." "The deepest and ultimate cause of the downfall of the Old Empire lay in its failure to take account of the race

problem and its significance for the historical development of peoples."[1] And so on.

The fact is, of course, that Hitler's racialism is bound up with, and dependent upon, his hatred of the Jews. Here, too, his Viennese years counted, for the pre-war Habsburg capital contained many Jews, in all departments of life, and its burgomaster (in pre-war days), Karl Lueger, led a crusade against them. From him and his Christian Socialists, and from the parallel anti-Semitic movement in Germany, Hitler came to hate Jews most bitterly and ruthlessly. He had, like Bismarck, many hatreds, but this was his greatest. He accused them of every crime under the sun, including that of bringing the French African troops to the Rhine after the war![2] They were responsible for all that was bad and ignoble in German art, literature, the press. The moral was plain: the influence of the Jews in the Fatherland must be destroyed, and the power they had slowly gained during the nineteenth century taken away.

But, in addition to the sullying of the race and the degrading of German ideals, the Jews, argues Hitler, were responsible for international Socialism, Marxism, Communism, Bolshevism, anarchy. (It is curious that if Marx, of Jewish stock, founded Socialism, a claim sometimes denied him, the founder of the Prussian Conservative party, which Hitler approved, was Stahl, also of the same many-sided race. And the Jews provide Capitalists almost as freely, in proportion, as Socialists!) Nevertheless, to Hitler, Jewish international Socialism was the foe. *Voilà l'ennemi!* he might have said, had not a Frenchman made the phrase. "Its ultimate aim was and is the destruction of all non-

[1] *Mein Kampf*, I, p. 372.
[2] *Ibid.*, I, p. 357.

Jewish national states," he declares.[3] It had caused class hatred; it fostered hateful internationalism; it (or the Jews) was Russian Bolshevism; it denied the value of individual personality and the aristocratic element in society. A new *Weltanschauung* must be substituted for it, that of his own National Socialism.

The social and economic side of Hitler's programme is not clear in his book. The headings "Trade" and "Industry" do not occur in the detailed subject index in the two volumes of *My Struggle*. The official programme was also somewhat indistinct as to what was implied by the new Socialism. There were radicals enough in the Nazi camp critical of German Capitalism. Fried showed in his book, *The End of Capitalism*, how strong was the concentration of wealth in a few hands in the Reich. But Hitler, or Feder for him, found a useful distinction between international "loan" capital, supposedly mainly Jewish, and capital productively employed, a distinction which is less clear to economists. The development of "impersonal" industry, the joint stock company, is condemned. War profiteering, of course, is attacked; the department stores (again mainly Jewish) likewise, as killing the small shopkeeper. Profit-sharing and socialization of the great trusts are demanded in the programme, but Hitler is in obvious difficulties in competing with Socialism proper in this field. He is on safer ground in demanding the strengthening and increase of the farmer class as the basis of the social welfare of Germany.

The key to the more positive side of Hitler's programme is to be found, however, not in the programme but in the man, in the leader. Authority in the Nazi state was to be built "not on the principle of majorities

[3] *Ibid.*, I, p. 185.

but on that of personality."[4] Majority rule, the parliamentary system, were Jewish devices for the elimination of personality.[5] The parliamentary system bred irresponsibility, "degraded" the rôle of the natural leader, and led to Marxism. The people's commonwealth must, by the natural aristocratic principle, set the natural leader at the top, and give him implicit obedience, though such a leader will be "responsible" in some undefined way. This is the ideal state and constitution—an old creed preached and acted upon by many despots in their day. Hitler was perfectly genuine in feeling called to be the leader, and was so accepted by the movement.

Hitler's strong national feeling determined his conception of the rôle which Germany thus organized was to play in relation to her neighbours. The Germans outside the Reich must be added to her again, along with Austria, though this does not, we are told, imply the recovery of the boundaries of 1914. The idea of Germany as a world state is discarded, and oversea colonies hardly enter into his scheme. True the programme demanded land and colonies, but the direction of German expansion should be eastward, continuing the age-old policy of Prussia and Germany. This would allow of friendship with Italy and Britain, the only possible allies for Germany.[6] Bolshevist Russia, at whose expense in part such expansion would take place, was fundamentally hostile to Germany, led as she was by "the scum of humanity," and designing to "Bolshevize" Germany. Lastly, France was and would remain the deadly enemy of Germany, the *Todfeind*, seeking to retain the Rhine

[4] *Ibid.*, II, p. 493.
[5] *Ibid.*, I, p. 347.
[6] *Ibid.*, II, p. 699.

and to keep Germany weak and divided. With her there must be "a final settlement."

Such were the leading ideas, proposals, and demands of the volume which became the Nazi Bible to the growing army of Hitler's followers.

The Seizure of Power

By the spring of 1932 the Nazis were strong enough for their leader seriously to contest the election to the presidency of the Reich. He failed to defeat the aged Hindenburg, but secured an amazingly large vote. In May, Brüning, the able chancellor of the Centre, fell, and von Papen, friend and nominee of the president, Catholic but a Nationalist reactionary of the "Herrenklub," took his place. But von Papen failed to secure a majority in the Reichstag. The elections of July, 1932, increased the Nazi representation from one hundred and seven to two hundred and thirty, which made them the largest single party in the chamber. Yet Hindenburg refused to accept the brownshirted agitator as chancellor, and the Nazis retaliated, under Göring's presidency of the Reichstag, by accepting and carrying a Communist vote of No Confidence. The Reichstag was dissolved, and in the new elections held on November 6, 1932, the Nazi party actually lost two million votes and thirty-five seats, while the Communists reached one hundred seats for the first time. Chancellor von Papen was no nearer any real support in the Reichstag. Hitler was approached by the president but refused to accept anything less than a virtual dictatorship "to save the Fatherland." So on December 2, Schleicher, a more "available" and acceptable figure than von Papen, minister of war and long a power behind the scenes, was called to be chancellor. With reparations out of the

way as a result of the Lausanne Conference, it looked as if Schleicher might succeed in riding the storm through the winter. But von Papen and Hitler came together somehow behind the scenes, and by the end of January, 1933, Schleicher was out and the harassed president had agreed to a Nationalist-Nazi coalition, with Hitler as chancellor, von Papen as vice-chancellor, Hugenberg as minister of economics and agriculture for the Nationalist Conservatives, and Göring and Frick as Nazi members of the cabinet. Göbbels was later to become minister of propaganda. The Reichstag was again dissolved, and in the election in March, aided in part by Göring's skilful exploitation of the setting on fire, a few days before the election, of the Reichstag building in Berlin, the coalition secured the desired majority (fifty-two per cent. of the votes) in the new parliament. More surprising, perhaps, was the fact that the Social Democrats lost only a few of their over seven million votes. (The Communists had already been eliminated.) The Reichstag was opened with great pageantry in the home of the kings of Prussia at Potsdam—a fitting scene for what was to be the swan song of the Weimar Assembly.

The Organization of Victory: Destructive and Constructive

Revolutions usually imply violence, and generally exhibit their least attractive features to the outside world. The Nazi revolution was no exception. The Nazis had been fighting Communists for years; they hated the Jews, and they divided between Jews and Social Democrats the blame for the ills of Germany. There now descended on Communists, Jews, and Social Democrats a storm of persecution and proscription which was nothing short of terrorist. The Communist creed was

itself one of violence, so that genuine Communists could not logically complain of its use against them. The persecution of Social Democrats was based partly on their doctrines, partly on alleged scandals and corruption in their period of power. These latter charges were naturally made the most of: scandals and corruption there were, but the responsibility of the Social Democratic party therefor was greatly if not grossly exaggerated. Similarly this was true of the Jews: they *were* more internationally minded, more pacific; they *had* enlarged and improved their position in Germany during and after the war, perhaps displaying more nimbleness than their Teutonic brethren in the unquiet times (*e.g.*, in and after the inflation); there *was* an influx of less desirable Jews from the east after the war. There was also, doubtless, exaggeration in the press reports which were cabled abroad. General opinion in Germany it is impossible to gauge as freedom of the press and of speech disappeared with the Nazi triumph. Anti-Semitic feeling was, of course, wider than the Nazi movement. On the other hand, German opinion is "regimentable" to a far higher degree than opinion, say, in England. "German opinion," remarks a well-informed foreign observer, "is now formed at a single source, and finds only slight variations of expression on its way into the press."

But allowing for all this, the acts of violence, proscription, and persecution against Jews and Social Democrats made an indelible mark on the revolution, and aroused deep concern and protest abroad. This side of the Nazi revolution has, indeed, inevitably attracted foreign attention to the obscuring of the more constructive side of its work—which is a pity, but a distortion for which the revolution must bear the responsi-

bility. The removal from office of adherents of the Weimar régime was natural, investigation into alleged scandals or corruption highly proper in a country with such high standards of administrative efficiency and honesty. But, of course, matters went infinitely further than that. Jews and alleged "Marxists" were driven from the service of the state, from their chairs in the universities; Jews were driven out of the medical and legal professions; Jewish musicians, artists, actors lost their positions; Jewish commercial enterprises were attacked; a national boycott was instituted (called off after one day); and so on. There were numerous acts of violence and cruelty, and incitements to violence. Concentration camps were set up for the increasing crowds of suspects of all sorts arrested, and the numbers of their inmates grew steadily. Large numbers of Jews and alleged or real enemies of the new régime fled the country; an estimate in *The Times* of July 21, 1933, puts the number in France alone at thirty thousand. It is true that the violence of the persecution declined somewhat as time went on, partly no doubt as the material for it diminished, though arrests continue, and as late as July 20-21 we read of violent anti-Jewish action in Nuremberg, and of the discovery in a sack of the murdered body of a Socialist member of the Reichstag. It is also true that the foreigner may visit Germany and see little or nothing of persecution or rabid intolerance, may find life much as usual, and experience kindness and courtesy as before. Yet if, on the one hand, the visitor senses a new atmosphere of hope, on the other hand, the sight of brown shirt and swastika, along with the recollection of this phase of the revolution, can scarcely avoid bringing a certain feeling of constraint, which the change in the daily newspapers will support. For not merely

were Communist and Socialist newspapers proscribed, but the wings of all other non-Nazi papers were clipped; the Jewish-owned cosmopolitan press—*e.g.*, the *Berliner Tageblatt*—was taken over or suspended. With the loss of freedom to write went freedom to speak and freedom to teach. Nazi youth in the universities took a hand in purging the universities of dangerous or hostile influences among professors or rectors, and glorious bonfires of condemned literature from university and private libraries, from Karl Marx to Thomas or Heinrich Mann, Zweig to Upton Sinclair, have, at any rate, proved, as of old in Germany, that paper is combustible.

One of the first and most striking achievements of the Nazi revolution was the closer unification of the Reich. The revolution of 1918 had taken advantage of the disappearance of the German princes to draw the states (or territories as they now became) closer together, and von Papen had in July, 1932, provisionally taken over for the Reich the government of Prussia. But Hitler now went much further. He first appointed Nazi commissioners in each of the seventeen units of Germany, and then passed a measure, on April 7, by which each of the states was to be ruled by a *Statthälter* or governor appointed by, and responsible to, the chancellor. We are reminded of Napoleon's prefects. Thus Hitler has achieved a degree of unity which goes far beyond anything Bismarck envisaged, and the unification was accomplished with astonishing rapidity and ease, even in Bavaria which had been wrangling with the Reich for years, and which now suddenly found itself more completely subject to the Reich than had ever been thought possible. The step made any suggestion of a local restoration of the Wittelsbach in Bavaria infinitely more remote, and paved the way for the elimination

of the People's party there. The working out of this greater unity, necessarily a work of some time, may be illustrated by the recent changes in the organization of the army of the Reich, where the old regional or state basis has now been abolished. Naturally this completion of Bismarck's work has appealed to nationally-minded Germans of every class.

The Third Reich is not to be a parliamentary state, despite article 25 of the programme of 1920, which demands unlimited authority over the Reich for a central parliament. The Reichstag, which opened so solemnly at Potsdam on March 21, handed over its power for four years to the Nazi dictatorship, and thus disappeared. The Prussian parliament followed suit. The recent reorganization of the upper chamber in Prussia by Göring is instructive as illustrating Nazi views of parliamentary assemblies. The chamber is to be composed of state councillors nominated by Göring, who may also dismiss them. They are not to vote, and may only discuss government measures when invited to do so. Locally they will rank as senior representatives of the Nazi Prussian government. Thus will "personality and leadership" eliminate "the anonymous doctrine which elevates the cowardice of ciphers to domination." The Nazis, declared Göring in introducing the measure, "were and would remain the mortal foes of the democratic doctrine of majorities, and with the death of this doctrine Parliament was finished." So for the present it is. We are a long way not merely from Weimar, but from the pre-war régime in Germany, going back more than half a century.

After the parliament the parties. The Nazi ideal of the "Totalitarian State" demanded the dissolution or absorption of all rival parties: the Nazi party was to be

the state. The Communists expected and received no shrift; they quickly disappeared underground or abroad. The once-powerful Social Democratic party, with its strength in the industrial proletariat and the trade unions, was attacked all round, in its leaders, many of whom are in prison, its members, its funds, its organization, its trade unions, its press, and was at length proscribed as a party. It had already transferred both its chief paper *Vorwärts*, and what was left of its organization, to Prague, and its formal dissolution in Germany was neither difficult nor unexpected. What it can achieve from outside Germany it is impossible to say. Extremism breeds extremism, and it will not be surprising if Communism, or extreme Marxism, gains recruits from the former Social Democrats of Germany.

The Centre or Catholic party, with its Bavarian partner, the Bavarian People's party, presented more difficulty, but has now gone the same way. Its numbers were large; it was not revolutionary; it was prepared as previously to come to terms with the régime in power. But in its association with an outside power, the Papacy, it conflicted with the Nazi ideal; it was tainted by its association with the Weimar régime; and, in any case, there was, as we have said, no room for more than one party in the new state. As the Nazis increased their hold, measures were taken against political Catholicism, both in Rome and in Germany, above all in Bavaria. The forcible breaking up of a Catholic apprentices' conference in Munich in early June was a prelude to more decisive action against the party there, with the arrest of priests and lay leaders and members of the party, suspension of its journal, *etc.* The Catholic trade and peasants' unions were dissolved and their property confiscated. Before such pressure the Centre party gave way

and early in July declared itself no more. "The withdrawal of the party from the arena of political history occurs, like its birth seven decades ago, amid the storms of a new era," said a final manifesto. The end was hastened, no doubt, by orders from Rome, for there von Papen, Catholic and diplomatist, was by this time engaged in negotiations with the Vatican. In due course (July 20) a new Concordat was signed which accepted the disappearance of the Centre party and Catholic political activities, but secured some compensation in the important field of education, including increased freedom to teach in the schools, and to establish seminaries for the training of clergy. Here again Hitler has scored a notable success, one comparable to that of Mussolini in securing his treaty with the Pope some years ago. Of the price paid, as of the future, it would be rash to speculate.

Before this conclusion the remaining major party, that of the Conservative landowners and industrialists, the National party of Hugenberg, the allies of Hitler in getting rid of Schleicher, had themselves discovered the truth of Talleyrand's dictum that in an alliance one party is usually the horse and the other the rider. The Nazis, once in power, quickly made it clear that they were the real masters. The Nationalist army, the *Stahlhelm*, was attacked on the plea that it had taken in Marxists in the rush to cover of suspected elements after the revolution, and after some awkward if not critical moments its members were absorbed into the Nazi movement. A second Nationalist organization, the Green Shirts, led by Prince Bismarck, was dissolved on similar grounds. His avowal of monarchist sentiments evoked no sympathetic echo in the Nazi camp. Whilst von Papen might content himself with the rôle of Siéyès,

Hugenberg found his position increasingly difficult. At the London World Conference he was virtually disavowed, his protests against the unfair treatment of the Nationalist organizations were disregarded, and before the end of June he had been driven to resign. With his fall the Nationalist party likewise disappeared as a separate political factor. "The Party," declared Hitler on July 7, "has now become the State: political parties are now finally eliminated."

When states and parties were thus being absorbed, the Protestant Church, part Lutheran, part Reformed (Calvinist), could scarcely hope to escape attention. It was divided into twenty-eight autonomous bodies, though joined since 1922 in a federation. A Nazi commissioner was appointed for the Evangelical Church in Prussia, and the Nazi group of "German Christians" pressed not merely for reorganization and greater unity but for the appointment of Dr. Müller, Nazi army chaplain and protestant adviser to Hitler, as primate of the United Church. There were further fantastic proposals for the substitution of German sagas and legends for the (Jewish) Old Testament, even for the elevation of the swastika to equality with the Christian cross. Wide and deep controversy and opposition were aroused, and even Hindenburg, who had accepted so much, was stirred to protest. But nothing availed to stem the tide. The "German Christians" proved too strong for the independent forces in the Church, and before the close of July the *Gleichschaltung*, or co-ordination (*i.e.*, assimilation or even subjection) of the Protestant Church to the Nazi state was accomplished with Dr. Müller as primate of the unified Evangelical Church of the Reich.

Along with the repression of its enemies and the execution of these large measures, destructive and con-

structive, for the creation of the Third (Nazi) Reich, there went on a continual flow of propaganda for the education and guidance of public opinion, much of it directed by Göbbels, now minister of propaganda. The energy and enthusiasm of the new régime, the single-minded devotion of its leader and his foremost disciples to the elevation of Germany within and without, its appeal to youth, its pageantry (*e.g.*, the May Day celebrations), its martial note, beloved of the populace, all had their effect. The revolution had come in with the spring, with winter behind it, a factor of some importance in a northern climate. In any case, the average citizen had no choice. The insistence on German art, music, literature, was naturally flattering. We even have a German fashion office to free German clothes from subservience to Paris or London! Education has been taken in hand. German children are to be taught the proper attitude to the events of the last twenty years, and that they are members of a family of one hundred million Germans, one-third of whom, however, are at present living outside the borders of the Reich. Sport was no longer to be practised for its own sake. "Every sport," declared the Nazi governor of Bavaria, "arises out of the ability to bear arms." So every one is to be trained to *Wehrhaftigkeit*. The new Physical Training Corps, renouncing sport as an end in itself, aims wholly at the encouragement of physical fitness for martial ends. A "Labour Year," whereby graduates of universities are to engage in manual work for a year before entering the labour market, formed part of the Nazi programme. Labour camps for unemployed were formed likewise, to serve a double end, and the idea, if not the fact, of national conscription for physical training on military lines is accepted. Germany, after all, never abandoned

it of her own free will. Along with the encouragement of physical fitness goes the care for "racial hygiene." A measure "for the avoidance of hereditary disease in posterity" (July 26, 1933) legalizes sterilization of the unfit. The family is again to be the foundation of the state, and German women are to be brought back to their prime duties as housewives and mothers. The economic programme of June 1 encouraged marriage by heavy taxation of single men, and by loans of one thousand marks (without interest) to couples desiring to marry. The withdrawal of women from the labour market will, it is hoped, diminish unemployment, which was, and remains, the great problem to be faced by any German government.

The Nazi record in the economic and social sphere is less clear, its successes less resounding, than in the political sphere. The Nazis had always been somewhat vague about this side of their programme, admittedly the most difficult one. The "Socialism" of National Socialism has, indeed, defied close definition. It was easy to point to the prevailing unemployment and hardship (a little forgetful, perhaps, that similar conditions prevailed elsewhere), and to blame Marxism and Social Democracy for them. But to devise specific and practicable remedies was more difficult. Against a partial revival of confidence has to be set the ill effects economically of the proscription of Jews and others, with the alienation of foreign opinion. Not until June 1 did the government publish a definite scheme for dealing with the economic distress, the beginning of a Four Year Plan, and then it was only a partial one. The scheme provided for a credit of one thousand million marks, over five years, for use in public works—roads, river, gas and electric works; for freedom from taxation to industrial concerns enlarging

or modernizing their plants; for the supersession of the dole by actual labour; for the encouragement of marriage. Later the state railways published a scheme for the employment of some two hundred and fifty thousand additional workers for the coming year. The tariff has been invoked to provide employment, as elsewhere, by raising duties. The beggars of Berlin, numerous and hardy, have been taken in hand. The old trade unions having been eliminated, a new Labour Front has been set up of Nazi unions (the Cells Organization) as part of the "Estate" of industry, which is to be one of the five "Estates" or corporations for industry, handicrafts, agriculture, commerce, and the professions. A "Labour Truce" for wages was proclaimed in May, and labour trustees, local Nazi dictators, have been set up for the settlement of disputes between employers and employees. Some action has been taken against the large department stores (*e.g.*, they have been forbidden to run restaurants) but their promised break-up has not yet materialized. And although as late as June 19 one of the aims of the Third Reich was defined as "the abolition of the liberal and capitalist economic system," it is still far from clear how this is to be accomplished, if, indeed, it is to be accomplished at all.

Indeed, the latest trend seems rather the other way. Doubtless power has brought responsibility, and Capitalism in Germany, Aryan if not Jewish, still has vast resources of wealth and power. Certainly recent pronouncements on matters economic breathe a new-found caution. Thus in a speech of July 12 Hitler states:

> Political power had to be conquered swiftly and at a blow, but other laws of development govern the economic field. Here we must move forward step by step without destroying what already exists and imperilling the basis of our own

> existence. The German economic system cannot be built up on bureaucratic schemes. The exploitation of individual liberty has made us great, and only by this means can our great work of construction succeed. The pace of our intervention in economic life and of appointment to positions in it, is therefore dependent on the training of new economic leaders.[7]

It hardly reads like the same man.

The Economic Council created in July is at least partly capitalist in character. Thyssen, the leading industrial magnate of the Ruhr, is credited with possessing great influence over Hitler, and has recently been given extraordinary powers over all western industrial Germany. An example of the new moderation is seen in the change of policy towards the Junker, East Prussian landlords, whose embarrassed estates, only supported by state subsidies, had been threatened by both Brüning and Schleicher. Now, when we might have expected the hastening of their breaking up into smaller farms to enlarge a most desirable class of citizen, the new government has, nevertheless, declared that the Junker landlords are safe for the present. It is possible that President Hindenburg has had some say in this.

Hitler's pronouncement on economic policy was part of a "call to order," issued and repeated about this time, against rash and inconsiderate acts by Nazi zealots—the taking over by force of factories and business undertakings, *etc.* It was also directed against the extremist influences amongst the Nazi storm troops which, dissatisfied with the failure to reward "the Old Guard" in proportion to their claims, or with the meagre nature of the social and economic programme, or excited by the licence previously enjoyed and by their success in other fields, now demanded a "second revolution" to complete

[7] *The Times*, July 14.

the regeneration of German society. Against this demand Hitler has set his face. The revolution, he has declared, is finished. "The released stream of revolution must now be guided into the secure bed of evolution . . . What matters now is not programmes and ideas, but daily bread for five million people."[8] How far the Nazi revolution will manage to control its extremists is a matter of critical importance, not merely for Germany but also for the world. For there is the obvious temptation, as in other nationalist revolutions, to divert outside the country forces which might be dangerous within. Perhaps the greatest of Mussolini's achievements has been that, despite such temptation (to which the French Revolution early succumbed), he has kept Fascism from war.

A revolution so profoundly national, in protest against the "brutal dictates" of the Versailles Treaty, declaring that some thirty million Germans are in bondage under alien rule, practising warlike methods and inculcating the martial spirit, the avowed enemy of internationalism and pacifism, can scarcely be regarded as peaceful. Provocation for a German Nationalist resurgence existed in the military domination of France after the war, in the errors of the treaty, in the unequal position of a great people, and, above all, of course, in the economic hardships of the time. Nevertheless so violent a revolution, with its propagandist accompaniments, has naturally aroused anxiety and fear. An important speech of the new chancellor declared that the foreign policy of the revolution was one of peace, and that it had no desire to plunge Europe into another war. Germany has recently signed the Four Power Pact inaugurated by Mussolini, and she is a member of the League of Nations,

[8]Speech of July 7.

though at the moment scarcely a fervent one. Yet it would be easy to quote pronouncements of Nazi leaders which go far beyond any claim to equality of armament or revision of the Treaty of Versailles, which remind one of the flamboyant and dangerous expressions of the last Hohenzollern emperor. The policy of eastern expansion, which has its representatives in the Nazi leadership, can only be carried out at the expense of Russia, and it would be childish to suggest that the new Germany has any friendship for either of her great neighbours to east and west. For the moment attention is directed to another issue, the Nazi desire for the *Gleichschaltung* of German Austria with the Reich. To the outsider there seems little difference between the newer "co-ordination" and the older union (*Anschluss*), and, as I write, the issue is, to say the least, acute. It may provide a "test case" for the spirit of Nazi Germany towards its neighbours in Europe. In this, as in so much else in the Hitler revolution, prophecy would be as futile as it would be rash. Without, as within, the revolution has reached a stage pregnant for the history not merely of Germany but of Europe and, indeed, the world.

August, 1933.

A FORGOTTEN POET

GILBERT NORWOOD

MODERN Athens has followed a plan (natural, surely, in that city beyond most others) of naming streets after distinguished citizens who lived in the days of her ancient glory. You may pace the Street of Pericles or of Themistocles: nay, so catholic is their admiration, so remote those days, that I once found myself walking (somewhat nervously) along Brasidas Street. A student of the ancient drama is delighted to discover a theatre at the end of Cratinus Street and Eupolis Street; not far away is Euripides Street, where you may buy vegetables. But despite this alert and roving sense of the past, you will search Athens in vain for the Street of Hermippus. Our histories of literature make little more of him; amid the remains of his contemporaries scarcely any mention of his work survives; his own fragments are few and mostly brief. The only place where he makes much of a figure is the didascalic inscriptions—the battered stone records of prize-winners in the dramatic competitions at the Lenaean festival in late winter and the Great Dionysia, celebrated when spring began. Yet this neglected poet reveals himself to an attentive and sympathetic reader as the most attractive personality among Attic comedians. There can, of course, be no serious doubt that as a playwright Hermippus stood below Cratinus and Eupolis; but he wrote other kinds of poetry besides comedy, knew more of the world than did Aristophanes, and excelled all the others in poetical charm.

From Suidas we learn that he was an Athenian, son of Lysis, and brother of Myrtilus, also a comic dramatist;

his plays numbered forty; he had only one eye. The first prize was adjudged to him at least five times. Titles of ten plays are known to us: *Agamemnon*, *The Birth of Athena*, *The She-Bakers*, *The Demesmen*, *Europa*, *The Gods*, *The Cercopes*, *The Fates*, *The Soldiers*, and *The Basket-Bearers*. Of these, the earliest was probably *The Fates*, produced in 430 B.C., a date that shows Hermippus to have been older than Aristophanes, who was born not earlier than 445 B.C. But another piece of evidence puts Hermippus still further back. Plutarch informs us that he prosecuted Pericles' mistress, Aspasia, for impiety. "He accused her also of receiving on Pericles' behalf free women who used to meet regularly." This has been taken to imply procuration and adultery; probably all that Aspasia did was to hold a salon. This attack was delivered before 432 B.C., and Hermippus would not have brought it had he not been a citizen of some standing and authority. We may, therefore, place the date of his birth tentatively at 470 B.C., about half-way between Cratinus and Aristophanes, the greatest masters of Old Comedy. Only two other scraps of definite information have come down to us: his chief actor was named Simermo; and Aristophanes mentions Hermippus casually as having joined in attacks upon Hyperbolus, the demagogue who succeeded Cleon. But we shall find from Hermippus' own fragments that he travelled widely and was deeply influenced by his foreign experiences. The date of his death is quite unknown, but he seems to have produced no play after 415 B.C.

The poetic beauty of Hermippus' style, his imagination, his eye for loveliness in unlikely places, are apparent even in fragments that have survived for reasons entirely unaesthetic. Athenaeus' desire to tell us the genitive of

a certain noun has preserved from *The Cercopes* a line of bewildering loveliness:

ἦδη τεθέασαι κόκκον ἐν χιόνι ῥόας;

"Have you ever looked at a pomegranate-seed in snow?" He means, of course, a woman's breast, and this "conceit" is less far-fetched than might appear: snow was as familiar on Athenian dinner-tables as ice on ours. This exquisite glimpse of beauty is not in the Athenian manner: it suggests rather the sensuous charm of a Westerner like Ibycus. In modern love-poetry such "conceits" are far more frequent:

> Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
> A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow.

Like Hermippus, Aristophanes (despite his Athenian preoccupation) perceived and mentioned this beauty, for instance in *The Frogs* (411-5), but how commonplace is his language compared with this vivid line! Th. Kock, who edited all the known fragments of Greek comedy, has a note on our passage that supplies ghastly confirmation of the stories about German commentators. Beginning with the verdict, "This sentence is completely null," he emends the words meaning "in snow" to one meaning "juicy," because a pomegranate-seed is hard. By this surgery our line acquires the meaning, "Did you ever see anything contrary to the laws of Nature?"

Two magical lines from *The Birth of Athena* are cited by an earnest soul who proposes to reveal the genitive plural of *anthos:* first,

καιροσπάθητον ἀνθέων ὕφασμα καινὸν Ὡρῶν.

"New broidery of flowers close-woven by fairy fingers" may, perhaps, pass as a version of this marvellous line. "Fairies" is the best that one can give for the "Hours,"

as we often translate *Horae:* that word here (and often) means "Nature," when considered as both lovely and working change. Not far away (in the lost text) came this:

λεπτοὺς διαψαίρουσα πέπλους ἀνθέων γέμοντας;

"Stirring the gauzy raiment flower-laden." It is hard to realize that these lines follow the familiar iambic tetrameter scheme no less certainly than the entrance-speech of the chorus in Aristophanes' *Plutus*. Lyric inspiration has transfigured that brisk canter into a dreamy and suggestive opulence that recalls Alcman's feat of turning the Homeric hexameter into song. From the same drama comes a passage far more prosaic; but it is worth translating for its curious content, and the last line and a half are full of the simple Attic elegance:

> Round is he in form, thou wretch, and he spins holding all things within himself and whirling them round; us also does he beget as he revolves about the whole earth. He is named The Year, and being circular has no end or beginning, but spinning his body round for ever he shall not cease his motion that fills every hour and every day.

It has been thought that Hermippus is here deriding the Heracliteans; certainly Heraclitus had studied the nature of time and had even attributed to it a body, as does our poet. In any case he is writing about philosophy, and so recalls the earliest of all European comic dramatists, Epicharmus the Sicilian. We have already thought of Ibycus and Alcman; and, indeed, one receives again and again, as one ponders his fragments, a strange impression that Hermippus was not an Athenian at all. This effect is reinforced by the un-Attic words or forms quoted from him by the grammarians. The explanation of his exotic quality is two-fold. First, he was a poet in a sense in which hardly any of his fellow-countrymen were

poets at all: further, and more precisely, he practised kinds of poetical writing that were otherwise unknown in Athens. He is as different from Aristophanes as Marvell is from Dryden. Further, he must have travelled; and he was more deeply affected by his experiences than any other Athenian, not excluding those more distinguished travellers, Solon and Plato.

One result of his journeying, it may well be thought, is that interest in all quarters of the known world which has inspired an extensive fragment of *The Basket-Bearers*. It is a miniature commercial hand-book, the precision of which makes it worth translating in full. The metre is the Homeric hexameter, and the style a parody of Homer:

> Proclaim now unto me, O ye Muses that dwell in Olympian homes, what blessings Dionysus hath brought hither to mankind on his black ship since he began to voyage over the wine-dark sea. From Cyrene silphium and ox-hides. From the Hellespont mackerel and pickled fish of all kinds. From Italy grain and sides of beef. From Sitalces an itch to gall the Spartans, and from Perdiccas lies enough to freight a fleet. Syracuse provides pigs and cheese. Corcyra may the Sea-God destroy within their hollow ships, because their loyalty is doubtful. To go on with our list, from Egypt come rigged sails and papyrus, from Syria frankincense. Fair Crete sends cypress-wood for the gods, Africa much ivory for sale, Rhodes sends raisins and figs that give pleasant dreams. From Euboea we get pears and fine sheep, from Phrygia slaves, mercenaries from Arcadia. Pagasae provides slaves and branded rogues. The acorns of Zeus and shining almonds, delights of the feast, Paphlagonians provide. Phoenicia sends dates and wheaten flour, Carthage rugs and embroidered cushions.

Kock has aptly suggested that the scurrilous remarks are (as often) comic interpolations by someone listening to this lecture on "our far-flung commerce." He less aptly adds, "but how all these things can be attributed to Bacchus I know not." The point surely is that wine is

the commodity *par excellence*, in return for which every quarter of the world brings its peculiar product. Fitzgerald puts it admirably:

> I often wonder what the vintners buy
> One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

Other evidence of his travels—very curious and charming evidence—comes from the non-dramatic writings. These are variously described as "iambs," "trimeters," and "tetrameters." Hermippus, it appears, composed two works: one comprised at least three books, written (as the remains show) in iambic trimeters, the other in trochaic tetrameters (again as the remains show), filling perhaps but one book. "Iambs" is the usual word for lampoons, not always in the iambic metre. Here again Hermippus stands apart from his colleagues of the comic stage: he is the only Athenian of his time known to have written non-dramatic satire, herein recalling another great Greek of the world outside Athens, Archilochus, as his time-fragment suggested affinity with Epicharmus. Now, two of the fragments in this meagre collection run thus: "I came on foot to the dull country of the Cylicranes, and thus saw Heraclea, a little darling of a town." "Later I saw her when I was a general: the place was honeycombed with helots and debauched by vulgar Spartan depravity." These two scraps of quotation describe vivid experience. Hermippus first saw Heraclea when he was on tramp through Greece, and (as we say) fell in love with it: his language throughout suggests a girl, fresh and beautiful at first, later turned into a harlot by evil men. After walking across the "boring district" of the barbarous Cylicranes, he found a pretty little town, some five miles from Thermopylae and less than a league from the waters of the Malian Gulf. On his second visit

he rode at the head of Athenian troops into a town colonized by Spartans, who (as so often happened when they quitted Lacedaemon) had lost their morals and thoroughly corrupted the little place.

This soldier-poet brought home a large experience of wines. In an unnamed play Dionysus himself gives a list, in playfully Homeric style:

> Mendean wine, whereof the gods upon their soft beds drink their fill and more. Magnesian, a pleasant gift. Wine of Thasos, over which hovers the fragrance of apples. This do I judge by far the best of all wines, after the blameless Chian free from pain. And there is a certain wine which they call *saprias*; from the mouth of the jar, even as it is opened, it gives off a fragrance of violets, a fragrance of roses, a fragrance of hyacinth. The divine odour fills the high-roofed hall. This liquor is both nectar and ambrosia. This must be given in the luxurious banquet for my friends to drink, but to my foes the wine of Peparethus.

Hermippus appears to be alone in his ecstatic appreciation of *saprias:* no one else mentions it. Moreover the Peparethian is praised by such diverse authorities as Aristophanes (at any rate he ranks it with Chian), Sophocles, Demosthenes, and an Alexandrian physician cited by the elder Pliny. The upshot appears to be that campaigning had corrupted Hermippus' palate.

Let us now consider his plays, as such, so far as the remains allow. The most important politically, though not (as we shall see) the most attractive to our modern view, is *The Fates* (the reason for this name is unknown). A well-known passage of Thucydides vividly depicts the bitterness with which the Athenians chafed during the first Peloponnesian invasion of Attica, when Pericles refused to lead them out against the devastators of their vines and olives. From this play of Hermippus there

still resounds, after nearly twenty-four centuries, the vivid outcry of their thoughtless but spirited resentment. Its date is, therefore, 430 B.C. We may still read a vigorous anapaestic outburst against Pericles, quoted by Plutarch in his *Life:* "O King of Satyrs, why dost thou refuse to wield the spear, but offerest dread words concerning war while thy spirit is proved a coward's? When a dagger is whetted upon a hard whetstone thou grittest thy teeth, worried by furious Cleon." This passage is the earliest extant mention of the famous demagogue Cleon. Perhaps another fragment from this drama refers to his growing popularity at the expense of the aristocratic Pericles: "For he is greater than he was recently; and, to my mind, if he grows at this rate every day, he will be bigger than Diagoras from Swindleton." Pericles is named King of Satyrs because they were notorious on the stage for cowardice and loquacious excuses—and also for lewdness, of which, we have seen, Hermippus had already accused Pericles when bringing his indictment against Aspasia.

In another fragment the spirit of the fire-eating party which reviled Pericles is well portrayed. It has a touch of that charm which we relished before, and a curious ball-before-Waterloo tone:

> The woolly mantle is flung aside; every man buckles on his breastplate; the white shoe is out of favour, and greaves are fitted round the shin. You shall see the *cottabos*-rod flung down among the rubbish. Manes hears no plash of wine, and the pan you may espy all forlorn in the sweepings beside the garden-door.

The last two sentences refer to the fashionable sport of Athenian wine-parties—the *cottabos*, of which there were several forms: that mentioned here is the most elaborate. Wine had to be flung from a cup so adroitly that it fell

into a suspended scale-pan and caused it to drop upon the head of a small figure called Manes—"Sambo" as we might say: it was a common slave-name. The tone of this fragment is in strong contrast with the rollicking spirit in which "the quickest way to end the war" is propounded—send out the tragic poet Nothippus, our Gastronomic Champion. "If the race of present-day Spartans had been fighters like that, and led by a big roast skate and a flitch of bacon, the rest of us should have stayed at home and sent Nothippus all by himself: without any help he would have swallowed the whole Peloponnese."

The Soldiers has been thought a second edition of *The Fates*. Such *réchauffés* were not unknown in Old Comedy: Aristophanes, for instance, remodelled several of his plays for new presentation. As regards *The Soldiers*, however, the evidence is thin. The only striking point is that two lines from the *cottabos*-fragment quoted above, which belongs to *The Fates*, are quoted as from *The Soldiers* by the Scholiast on Aristophanes (*Peace*, 1240). That may be nothing but a mistake of his: scholars have on the whole been far too prone to accept all "authorities" as authoritative. But another fragment of *The Soldiers* may point the same way—"the Chian goblet hangs aloft on its peg." So far as it goes, this supports Bergk's idea, that Hermippus some years after Pericles' death used *The Fates* again, omitting the attack upon Pericles, but retaining the lines that depict the warlike preparations of the Athenian fire-eaters, into which he inserted this line about the goblet, hung up and neglected now, like the white shoes and the rest. Whether *The Soldiers* was a new edition of *The Fates* or not, it was evidently a very vivacious play, not, perhaps, about war so much as military preparations and personalities. These

details of campaigning lend some colour to the picture of Hermippus the soldier-poet that we have tried to paint. There are lines about the sale of prisoners as slaves, and the apron that a soldier wore when preparing his meals: "It is time to knead for the sacrifice [?] and tie the apron round the waist." Evidently this *oa* was used in place of a kneading-bowl: the soldier squatted down, kneading the dough upon his lap. This seems plain from another quotation, "The apron ousts the stone kneading-bowl." In another play Hermippus mentioned "the soldier's lantern," so Athenaeus tells us. (The campaigner's lampstand, by the way, is described by Antiphanes, the distinguished poet of Middle Comedy: "We tie three javelins upright and use them as a lampstand.") It looks as if the play contained a good deal about the details of a soldier's life. This racy truth to everyday fact may account, better than Hermippus' poetical charm, for his notable success in the dramatic competitions. Nor is the navy forgotten. "Well, it's time for you to go with me, taking your oar-thong and cushion, so that you may jump aboard and row lustily." "Oh, but my back is all blisters: I don't need. . ."

The largest fragment of *The Soldiers* is more deeply interesting. As emended by Bergk, it runs thus: "Hail, you troops from overseas, how goes it?" "Their physical condition looks splendid, with long hair and bulging muscles." "You see how he of Abydos has become a man?" The readings are doubtful and interpretation has varied. The only certain points are that Abydos was noted for the effeminacy of its men, and that Hermippus makes someone jeer at the pretended manliness of certain soldiers connected with Abydos. Meineke (whose reading differs notably from the above) believes that "someone is exulting because he has recruited a naval force from

weak and effeminate people who have suddenly proved brave men." Bergk's idea is much more attractive, though it must be received with caution: "These words contain satire upon one of the chorus of soldiers, namely Alcibiades, who, as soon as he became his own master, took himself off to Abydos and there indulged in a complete round of pleasure." That Alcibiades actually did this was asserted by the orator Antiphon, and it may well be that Hermippus, having in his day dealt vigorously with Pericles, turned his attention later upon that statesman's vivacious nephew just when he was entering public life. If so, Bergk dates *The Soldiers* at 424-420 B.C.

The Basket-Bearers must be mentioned again, though we have already given extracts and though we have no information as to its theme, for it contains a reference to the gravest danger that threatened Greece between the Persian invasions and the Battle of Chaeronea. In the trade-catalogue occurs a rhetorical insertion: "and from Sitalces an itch to gall the Spartans, and from Perdiccas lies enough to freight a fleet." Sitalces was the immensely powerful King of Thrace whose southward march in aid of Athens was so frightful a menace to Greece, yet left amazingly slight traces upon the Hellenic imagination. He came, it appears, near to obliterating the independence and, perhaps, the civilization of Greece. But his onslaught melted away, and left nothing except a few nightmare chapters of Thucydides (II, 95-101) which are forgotten in the radiance of the Funeral Speech and the detailed horrors of the Plague. Sitalces' force numbered one hundred and fifty thousand, of which one-third was cavalry, enough to "swallow the Peloponnese whole," with Attica as a side-dish. Thucydides writes a detailed account of this frightful danger—a picture of the slowly swelling and irresistible torrent from

the mountains which, despite difference of detail, recalls in its impressiveness Burke's superb account of Hyder Ali's invasion of the Carnatic. Though the Northern Greeks were filled with alarm, the Southerners apparently heard little or nothing about the invasion—one of the many advantages conferred on the ancient world by the absence of cable-communications and wireless telegraphy. They would have been alarmed to no purpose: the spectre vanished after one month in Macedonia.

Sitalces was induced to retire by the machinations of Perdiccas (to whom Hermippus is here so ungrateful), the persuasions of his own nephew Seuthes, the rigours of winter, and the failure of supplies. The only other writer (so far as I am aware) to mention this terrible menace was Aristophanes, who shows plainly enough that the Athenians were simply hoping for a large contingent of "natives" to help them out in the Peloponnesian War. Was any nation that ever rose to greatness and enduring fame so incredibly reckless and childishly short-sighted as the Athenians? Too many lamentations have been uttered over their collapse in Sicily. Even had Nicias and Demosthenes subjugated the whole island, Athens would soon have committed political suicide in some other way. This affair of Sitalces provides good proof of that. Aristophanes, when he produced *The Acharnians* in 425 B.C. (the year after Sitalces became the ally of Athens), makes an amusing scene of the "Odomantian host" wherewith Boeotia was to be overrun; he takes no occasion to read his countrymen a serious lesson on the perils of such invitations, though he can preach sermons on less important themes. A taste of the Thracian quality was actually given later. A force arrived in Attica too late for the Sicilian Expedition: they were sent home, and, landing at Mycalessus on their way, per-

petrated an atrocity that breaks down even the iron calm of Thucydides. They burst into a boys' school and butchered all the children.

As Sitalces made his alliance with Athens in 426, and died in 424, *The Basket-Bearers* must be dated at 426-4.

The She-Bakers is mentioned by Aristophanes in the celebrated parabasis of *The Clouds* as containing satire of the demagogue Hyperbolus, who succeeded Cleon as leader of the extreme democrats and was ostracized in 418-7, the last occasion on which ostracism was used. Like other comedies attacking Hyperbolus, this ridiculed his mother also, who is (so far as we know) the only woman, except Aspasia, reviled personally by the writers of Old Comedy. She is represented as offering up solemn thanks for her son's acquittal or escape—from what, is not known. "Come, let me go and do honour to the gods, offering incense for my child's escape." She was, or had been, a baker, and no doubt the chorus was an assembly of her trade-associates. Women-bakers were notorious for their abusive language. In *The Frogs* Dionysus reminds Aeschylus and Euripides that "it is unseemly for poets to rail at one another like she-bakers." It is clear that Hyperbolus' mother (Bergk makes out from one of the fragments that her name was Doco) and her friends were fish-wives, as we should say. Hermippus, it is plain even from his scanty remains, speaks of her in her own language.

The Demesmen—that is, "members of the same township"—is notable for two points. The "Antiatticista" (an anonymous grammarian) quotes it several times for queer words or forms; and it contained a good joke: "Alas! what shall I do, token-shorn?" The *symbolon* was a coin-like token, notched for breaking. This sufferer's head was half-shaven, so that from the top his bald area

resembled a half-coin; apparently he is left in the lurch with the operation incomplete. Hermippus would have been delighted to know of the English "half-crown." This farcical situation perhaps inspired the excellent scene in Aristophanes' *Thesmophoriazusae*, where Euripides shaves his kinsman in preparation for his expedition to the women's festival in female guise, and the victim in anguish seeks to run away with one whisker in place.

Of *The Gods* even less is to be said. A corrupt fragment probably belongs to a speech in which one of the gods (Hermes?) dilates on the good cheer found in Heaven; apparently they obtain endless wine by a brief prayer to that useful constellation, Amalthea's Horn. Another brief fragment has been thought a reference to the war between gods and giants.

Greater interest clings to what little we know or guess concerning *The Cercopes*. The Cercopes were—some say a tribe of, some say two—mischievous vagrant goblins or men, whom certain stories connected with Heracles. A poem named from them was attributed to Homer; we possess but three lines of it, describing them as "liars, cheats, full of mischievous deeds, deceivers; covering much ground they used to deceive men, wandering ceaselessly." Plainly these are ancestors of Shakespeare's Autolycus. Once when Heracles was sleeping under a tree they tried to steal his weapons. He awoke, and was hanging them to the tree when their quips made him laugh so heartily that he let them go. In the end they were turned, according to one story, into stone, according to another, into monkeys. Diodorus writes that Heracles killed some of them for brigandage and gave the rest as prisoners to Omphale, the Lydian princess who made him dress as a woman and pursue women's tasks. It is possible that this latter story was used by Hermippus.

Certainly the title shows that the chorus of the play consisted of Cercopes, and we can imagine the fun they would have as attendants upon the eccentric princess. Plato, the comic dramatist, certainly wrote a play on precisely that topic. An exciting point about Hermippus' work is that the god Dionysus appeared in it. Among the scanty fragments is that magnificent line about the pomegranate-seed in snow.

But the most beautiful, most original, and most important of all Hermippus' works was the play that we have left to the end, *The Birth of Athena.* The poet who was (as we have seen) the only man in Athens to write definitely satirical poems, here broke fresh ground in the familiar field of comedy itself. He invented the birth-play, and was imitated often by writers of Old and Middle Comedy. Polyzelus, for example, produced several, about Dionysus, the Muses, Aphrodite, and perhaps Ares; Araros, the son of Aristophanes, wrote a *Birth of Pan.* Unfortunately we possess nothing but meagre fragments from any of these, so that it is difficult to see how the story was turned into a play. Apparently the idea (as in the Homeric *Hymn to Hermes*) was to select some deity whose birth was attended by marvellous or picturesque events and portray these rather by dramatic narrative than by fully developed dramatic action in the sense familiar to us. Thus a fragment of Araros' comedy runs: "Straightway he snatched the flute and bounded ever so nimbly."

Greek drama (on its non-lyrical side) originated in narrative, and perhaps never entirely freed itself from the instinct to give much of the "action" in a merely narrative form, as in the messengers' speeches. The Sicilian Epicharmus, who founded comedy, put into the mouth of reporters many things, such as the banquet of Heracles in

Busiris, that Aristophanes and his contemporaries would have set forth in action and brought the house down. Now, the passage from Araros suggests that in these birth-plays Athenians reverted to the early Epicharmean manner; and so does a line from Hermippus himself: "Zeus said, 'I give her the name Pallas'." We know little directly of the plot. But the title, and the analogies already cited, suggest that the marvellous birth of Pallas Athene was related, after which the goddess (born full-grown, it will be remembered) appeared, and began her function of weaving—very possibly she is represented as inventing this art and teaching it to women. In one fragment she says: "I intend to fasten this warp to the stand." To this drama, moreover, belong two beautiful lines, already quoted, concerning a wondrous robe. There can be little doubt that a good deal was said about that famous garment, the *peplos* woven and embroidered each year by Athenian ladies for the gigantic statue of the Patroness in her shrine on the Acropolis, and presented at a high festival of surpassing reverence and splendour. It is known that a play of Strattis contained a description of the manner in which the great mantle of Pallas Athene was exhibited: a fragment tells how a crowd of men hauled it to the top of a mast like the mainsail of a ship. But the ethereal beauty of these two lines suggests more than the yearly garment—rather some original *peplos* created by divine fingers whereof the earthly vesture was but a memory and an imitation. Amid this loveliness, a comic element is hinted at in the story of one Acco, "a woman who, they say, was so foolish that she took her garment down from the loom half-finished, and arrayed herself therein; she gazed into the mirror at her own reflection and talked to it as if to another. Hermippus mentions her in *The Birth of Athena*." It is a

quaint passage, rather touching: some contrast may be guessed at between the divine Weaver of the glorious *peplos* and the poor simpleton muttering in her own chamber beside the loom. All these things, and a certain un-Attic tinge about the language of these few morsels surviving, suggest that we have lost a drama irradiated by a richer lyric glow than is usual in Athenian literature.

Ruskin has written that "it is the crowning virtue of all great art that, however little is left of it by the injuries of time, that little will be lovely." With no distortion or over-emphasis, we have pieced together from a trivial-seeming heap of fragmentary passages a picture of a notably versatile man—poet, soldier, playwright, traveller, man of the world, politician, and wit. A true Athenian, one would say, but time and again we detect in his work, shattered, well-nigh lost, as it is, a rich fragrance, a hint of whimsical tenderness, that must have been rare in fifth-century Athens, and never (perhaps) entirely at home.

THE DISCOVERIES OF PITCH-BLENDE AT GREAT BEAR LAKE

CHARLES CAMSELL

PROSPECTORS are gifted with a fondness for adventure; otherwise Gilbert LaBine would not have left the comparative comfort of mineral-bearing areas in southern Canada to trek the sub-Arctic regions in search of new wealth. They are observant by intuition; otherwise the indications of radium and silver ores at LaBine Point, on the shore of Echo Bay, Great Bear Lake, might easily have been missed. Thanks to these traits, possessed by a man who had already established a reputation in Canadian mining circles, the Dominion may now be regarded as an important source of radium.

When news of the LaBine discovery was flashed to the outside world, in May, 1930, visions no doubt came to mind of the early days of Klondike, Porcupine, Flin Flon, and Rouyn, only to give way to discussions on the discovery of this substance which commands a princely price because of its rarity and its usefulness. Dependence on the Belgian Congo as the source of our supply of radium had become almost instinctive—a sort of trusting dependence—as little was known of these African deposits other than that it cost a small fortune to purchase a gramme of the radium produced. It was desirable, then, though entirely unexpected, that some intrepid prospector should disclose a commercial source of radium in Canada.

Developments proceeded in rapid order following news of the discovery. Mining and exploration companies, and individual prospectors, with characteristic promptness, made preparations to enter the new field and to stake favourable ground. Canada was to witness a

rush considerably smaller in volume, but lacking little of the fervour of other notable treks to new mining fields. The age-long silence of the North was to be broken by the drone of the airplane and the putter of stream craft, as scores of parties, outfitted for long stays, made their way to the scene of the discoveries. Following a second discovery of silver at Dowdell Point, six miles to the south of LaBine Point, in May, 1931, the area for miles to the south and east of LaBine Point was staked practically solid. By the summer of 1932 close to twenty-five hundred stakings were recorded.

In the meantime, Eldorado Gold Mines Limited, the owners of the original find at LaBine Point, had sent a shipment of the mineral to the Federal Department of Mines for purposes of testing. The material proved to consist largely of pitchblende, the most important ore of radium, the character of the samples indicating that they came from vein deposits which might be of economic importance.

Two officers of the Department were sent to the area during the field-season of 1931, with instructions to examine the deposits and to make a hurried investigation of the geology. This work constituted the basis of the first government report on the area, published in the fall of the same year. The report stated in part that there is "strong evidence of the existence at LaBine Point of an extensive and fairly closely-spaced pitchblende vein system which can be exploited readily by underground development." Geological examination of the deposits revealed that the pitchblende is found in persistent veins along pronounced zones of shearing, trending to the north-east. The veins are described as consisting of either massive pitchblende, from one-half inch to six inches wide, or of several thinner stringers, separated by narrow

bands of quartz or calcite gangue. The pitchblende slabs off readily from the gangue, and is thus easily separated by hand-cobbling. The silver occurs mainly in the native form.

The Eldorado Property

The Eldorado property continues to be the centre of interest in the Great Bear Lake field. It has received the most development and the most study, and in the comparatively short space of three years it has advanced from a raw prospect to a producer of the ores of radium and silver. Sales of radium have already been made from the Eldorado Company's plant at Port Hope, Ontario.

Taking into consideration the complexities involved in the determination of a suitable method of treatment for the Eldorado radium ores, the development of this mineral enterprise of the Far North may be classed as one of the most interesting achievements in Canadian metallurgical science. The prospector had discovered the ores of radium; it now rested with the scientist to determine a means whereby the radium content could be commercially extracted.

At the request of the Company, the Department of Mines undertook to carry out investigations, with a view to determining a suitable method of treatment. As these tests represented a distinct departure from the usual type of investigation conducted by the Department for this purpose, we are warranted in devoting some space to a discussion of the problems involved.

The Department's chemists had already examined the ores and were aware of their highly complex nature, and of the fact that they bore little resemblance to ores of radium found in other countries. Later they found that

little information could be obtained as to existing methods of treatment. It was a problem, then, of devising some method that would be especially suited to the Canadian deposits, and that would be sufficiently elastic to allow for variations in the composition of the ore from different sections of the property.

Next to be considered was the safety of the workers. Rigid precautions were necessary to assure that no worker should retain even traces of radium in his system over the week-end interval. Medical examinations were held at regular intervals, and workers were released from duty for varying periods on the slightest signs that they were absorbing radium. Samples of the ore were ground wet, and special ventilation was provided to minimize the effects of particles of dust. Even in offices where samples of pitchblende were stored, special provision was required for ventilation and for medical tests on the occupants. Radium is an extremely active element, and its ores accordingly require extremely delicate handling if danger of absorption is to be guarded against.

The Process Devised

A process for the extraction of the radium was finally devised, and is now being used as a basis for the treatment of ores at the Port Hope plant of Eldorado Gold Mines.

Radium exists in its ores in infinitely small proportions, the concentration in the pitchblende deposits of Great Bear Lake being in the order of one part in ten million. At the final stage of the process devised by the Department of Mines, the concentration is brought up to one part in one hundred thousand. In the refining process, the grade is raised to about ninety-eight per cent. radium. This treatment will, it is believed, permit of as great, if not a greater, percentage of recovery (involving a shorter

time and less complicated operations) as any of the methods known to exist.

Transportation

Transportation was for a time regarded as one of the principal barriers to the successful exploitation of the deposits at Great Bear Lake. The distance by airline to the railroad at Waterways, Alberta, is some eight hundred miles, and by the Mackenzie River water route fourteen hundred miles. In addition, there is the long haul to the reduction works at Port Hope, in the case of the radium ores, and to the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company's smelter at Trail, in the case of silver ores. Recent developments would indicate, however, that difficulties of transportation are not seriously interfering with the operation of the deposits. Last spring the Company is stated to have arranged for a rate of two hundred dollars a ton for general merchandise from Waterways, Alberta, to Echo Bay on Great Bear Lake. On fuel oil, which is obtained from the Fort Norman fields, between three and four hundred miles away, the price laid down was to be about one hundred dollars a ton. Freight charges on shipments of ore to Waterways are reported to be one hundred dollars a ton. This ore is, of course, in the form of concentrates.

The Development of the Property

As has been stated, little time has been lost in the development of the property. In August of last year, a mining plant was brought in and plans were immediately made for the proving of the deposits at depth. According to recent reports, the work of development so far undertaken has shown that the grade of ore from surface showings is maintained at depth. Construction of a silver

concentrator is under way and is expected to be in operation by the end of October. Production will then be on a continuous basis. At present no effort is being made to mine silver ore aside from the high-grade material encountered in the mining of pitchblende.

The radium plant at Port Hope was put into operation early in the year and is now on a self-sustaining basis, and making regular shipments of by-products to European markets. The plant is producing two principal products, radium and uranium, the radium being in the form of a sulphate. This plant has the distinction of being the first producer of radium in the British Empire. Recently the Ontario government purchased several hundred milligrams of radium from the plant in needle form, on a basis, as reported in the press, of fifty-five thousand dollars a gramme.

Markets

This has been a favourite topic of discussion since the deposits were discovered. It has been held by some that the firmly entrenched Belgian monopoly would preclude sales of radium from Canada in the world's markets at current prices of fifty to sixty thousand dollars a gramme. Little is known as to the cost of extraction, grade of ore, or marketing facilities, of the Belgian enterprise, and there is, therefore, no indication as to the profit derived per unit of radium. The Company has a large sales organization and is reported to be selling radium on the instalment plan, and disposing of it on a rental basis.

The domestic demand for radium is somewhat limited, but it, together with the demand from other countries in the Empire which are altogether likely to turn to Canada for their supplies, should go far to solve any immediate marketing problems. Successful marketing is essentially

a question of costs of production and organization, and in this respect it is well to remember that the Eldorado property is an important producer of silver as well as radium.

Thus are unfolded three chapters in the history of the mineral enterprise of Canada's Farthest North: the discovery, the early development with its attending problems, and, lastly, the entering into production. What succeeding chapters may unfold will be awaited with the keenest of interest by the host of Canadians who acclaimed the discovery made on the distant shores of Great Bear Lake, in May, 1930.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON SECONDARY EDUCATION

F. CLARKE

I PROPOSE to offer here a few "flying thoughts" rather than any planned and pegged-down exposition of the whole vast problem of secondary education in the modern world. While it is true, no doubt, that profound changes in our conceptions of its aims and methods will take place, the nature of these changes is still obscure. Mankind, in General Smuts's phrase, may, indeed, be striking its tents again, but the direction of the march is even less clear than it seemed to be fifteen years ago, when we were all quite sure that President Wilson was pointing the way. The obscurity is due not only to the fact of our present economic plight and the distorting effect that our struggles have on our long-range thinking; it is due also to real bewilderment, which may well be intensified rather than relieved by the passing of the "depression." We are in the trough between an Age of Faith that has gone and the next one that has yet to be. So all our syntheses to-day are apt to be provisional and fleeting; Social Democracy yesterday, the Nazis to-day, and who knows what to-morrow? The parallel with the Greek world into which Plato came, or still better, with the Roman world into which Christianity came, is striking enough. If the parallel is real, if our present condition really resembles one of these, the hope of a Golden Age soon to come may be less well grounded than the probability of a new Dark Age of confusion and disintegration, with a few "monastic" centres of culture preserving the guarantee of a new dawn.

Those who can believe with such facility and optimism

in the speedy coming of a new Golden Age should tell us, more clearly and completely than they have yet done, what is to be the faith that will provide the driving power and the cohesion which are indispensable to such a condition. To many of us, unmistakable signs of a new crystallization are not easy to find. The patching up of a workable economic concordat among the nations and the return of a state of gay irresponsibility called "Prosperity," will merely mean that the real problem will face us more nakedly than ever. Economic crises, prolonged as they may seem, are short and sharp compared with the long-drawn-out confusions and despairs of the crises of culture. And when our subject is education, it is vital to recognize, at the outset, that a crisis of culture is what we are now concerned with.

No doubt education, if we know what we mean by it, will be a guide for mankind through the tangle that lies ahead. But if we are to make effective use of such a liberating agent, some fundamental re-thinking will have to be done. It is vain and childish, and even blind, to assume, as many do, that we have only to continue more intensively and with more eager "boost," what we have been doing in the past. Sheer growth in numbers and expenditure, so far from being "progress," might well be a calamity now, if there has been no thoroughgoing reconsideration of ruling values and objectives. A naïve and almost juvenile optimism of this kind is all too apparent in much of the discussion that is going on in the United States to-day, and signs of it are not absent in Canada.

Nor is it enough to alter tactics without reconsidering strategy. To judge from the most recent *pronunciamento* of American leaders in educational thought,* this is what

*W. H. Kilpatrick (ed.), *The Educational Frontier*, New York, 1933.

is proposed. The new enemy that calls for a change of front is an evil "Economic System," which, with its stress on personal gain and profit-making, is the devil that corrupts the purity of otherwise innocent democracy. So the front is to be changed and tactics are to be redirected towards this quarter, and the fight is to be won by the most widespread cultivation of pure intelligence in human affairs. There is no "plan," no concrete social philosophy, no party platform, no real *faith* in short, apart from an optimistic belief in pure intelligence and experimentation. Just a trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill, if only young democracy can be trained to use intelligence upon its environing social conflicts and problems.

The lack of appreciation of the real trouble here, the superficiality of the diagnosis, the easy surrender to the ruling vice of "immediacy," and the simple straight-line thinking which fails to take a three-dimensional grasp of the solid substance of the problem, will all have to be superseded by something much more profound and searching. The trouble with a philosophy of change is that while, on the one hand, it is not sufficiently alive to abiding permanences in human affairs, it is also not sufficiently alive, paradoxically enough, to the depth and wide sweep of changes themselves. It underestimates their depth, and over-estimates their pace. So it is apt to be superficial and over-lubricated, swinging too easily to the breeze of the moment. Sometimes its remedies almost suggest the procedure of meeting an epidemic of measles by rubbing out the spots with a "scientifically" prepared India-rubber. Very many of the well-trumpeted applications of "Science" in modern times have this character of elaborately planned schemes for dealing with symptoms. It may well be that not the economist nor

the pedagogue, nor the scientist, nor even the politician, but the philosophical moralist, like Rousseau or Plato, is our real need to-day.

There is no clear basis as yet for the new moral and cultural synthesis that is demanded. But, so far as education is concerned, we shall have taken one firm step when we recover the ancient conviction that, at bottom, education and politics are the same thing. Modern democracy and industrialism between them have played sad havoc with that great idea. Politics has become—well, what it is; while education, captured by the organized spirit of a mechanized and equalitarian age, has become a thing apart, boosted in words but secretly rather despised. The measure of the gulf between these two supreme activities that the ancients united is represented by the difference to-day between the social prospects of the active politician and those of the humble school teacher. The gulf is wider in Protestant than in Catholic communities, in North America than in Europe, in the industrial democracies than in countries less affected by the Industrial Revolution But, wider or narrower, it is characteristic of all our modern thought and practice in education. A bridge across this gulf, or a closing of it, will open the road for the new march that we have to take. For there is only one objective—the Good Life; and it is to be achieved in conditions so novel and confusing, so ill-understood, as yet, in their cultural influences, and so vast in their sweep, that we remain still bewildered in the face of them.

The present crisis is having a salutary effect in stimulating a return to the ancient notion. The motive is, beyond all doubt, the restoration of *order*. Mankind is discovering yet again that order is the condition of

liberty and that disorder cannot be tolerated indefinitely. There is at once the strength of Fascism, and the weakness in opposition to it of a Socialism bred in the unconstructive libertarian tradition of the nineteenth century. Even order imposed by violence may seem at last preferable to no order at all, and spurious faiths that do aid construction may be preferred to more genuine creeds that offer no immediate resting-place. That such a country as the United States should submit to the impulse so readily and so completely is a sure sign of the nature of the good that is being immediately sought. There is danger for the future in the phenomenon, and restoration of order is, indeed, only a beginning. But it is, at least, likely to have the salutary effect of bringing our political and our educational thinking into the same compartment, where we consider all our problems in the light of the one standard concept of the Good Life.

Blame for the fatal separation that has done so much mischief hitherto must be shared by the politician and the educator. If the one has been a little contemptuous and cynical in his attitude towards education, the other has been superficial and indifferent in his attitude towards politics. This has been particularly true in North America, where there is such a conspicuous lack of well-instructed opinion on education among the politicians, and an equally conspicuous failure to grasp political realities among the educators. The two influences together have combined to produce a somewhat devitalized school, full of the appearance of activity and hustle, vested with all the external trappings of "efficiency," yet curiously lacking in real power to bite into the tougher problems of the modern world. A certain seclusion and unreality characterize it in spite of all the

glare and blare of publicity. The business-man, the local politician, even the schoolmaster himself—few of them *really* see the school as the counterpart of the legislature, engaged along with it in determining the conditions of the Good Life.

There is danger in much current talk of "social planning," danger that techniques may be confused with principles, and organization with organism. But there is hope, too, in that education may come to be regarded as something more than a ritual segregation of the young, presided over by men and women who are content to be a species of nurse. Whatever we may think of Russia, there at least, under pressure of sheer necessity, the educative process is taken at its full value, as the guarantee of the whole social and political Plan. We can accept some vagaries and some risks in current enthusiasm for planning if it helps us to take this first essential step in re-thinking our philosophy of education.

The excuse for prefacing a discussion of secondary education with such general considerations as these must be that they are directly relevant to its problems in their modern form, and that neglect of them vitiates much current discussion of the subject. The debate proceeds too exclusively within the circle of the professional educators—frequent references in the book referred to above, to the "profession of education," as though it were charged with the final decision in these matters, are disquieting. It cannot be too strongly or too frequently emphasized that what we are all alike faced with is a crisis of culture such as mankind has not experienced for two thousand years. The question at issue is the meaning and content of the Good Life for us all; the standards by which it is to be determined, the means by which it is to be made possible, the social and political order through

which it is to be fostered and sustained, and the organs of control by which such an order is to be directed. A firm realization of this central truth lifts the whole discussion from the region of pedagogics and administrative techniques to its proper level of moral and political philosophy. Our minds, as Milton puts it, need to be "erected to search and expectation of greatest and exactest things," and the profession of education, whatever it may be, has no monopoly of that high calling. It is a sure sign that the times are not yet ripe for the new synthesis if the debate is left wholly to the professionals.

Ten years ago, at the height of the turmoil and excitement that were aroused by the occupation of the Ruhr, the French chamber was still able to devote a month to the discussion of schemes of reform of secondary education. (How incredible such a thing would be in America, or even in England!) The reason is plain enough: *security* was the objective of both, of the educational as well as of the political and military action. Defence was the defence of a long-established cultural order which was *La patrie*, and it proceeded both by the "external" methods of politics and the "internal" methods of education. A people that is fully conscious of what it is defending will use both weapons as occasion demands.

But we—we do not know precisely *what* we are to defend; we are uncertain of what we would fight for and of what we would teach. Possibly France herself is rather less certain than she was ten years ago. For we are one and all in a situation surprisingly like that which evoked the *Republic* of Plato. Old cultural forms are proving inadequate under the stress of novel conditions, and new possibilities are proving incapable of solid realization. "The children are come to the birth, and

there is not strength to bring forth." How true a comment that is on all the efforts of the last decade or so! New forms of expression for the old values are still to seek; the values themselves are still under criticism, and that process has far to go yet; the establishment and maintenance of a revised and adequate scheme of ruling values in a free society have still to be achieved. Such is our transitional and very painful situation.

Plato followed a profoundly true instinct when he found the answer to closely similar problems in what may fairly be called a scheme of secondary education. So far was the founder of political philosophy in the west from any separating of politics from education! It seems fantastic, perhaps, in these days to suggest that the right organization of secondary education is the greatest "political" problem with which modern communities are faced. But if "re-construction" means anything more than a patching up of external machinery, it means just that. It means the discovery and establishment of adequate organs whereby a purged and enlarged scheme of life-values may dominate and vitalize the whole range of activities throughout a community. It means not only "repentance" in the sense of spiritual regeneration; it means also a renewed attempt to build the *Civitas Dei* as an adequate home for the spirit. The two fell apart after Plato's time: spirit went one way, the way of soul-seclusion and the endurance of Stoic isolation; while "practical politics" went another, the way of imperialistic law and bureaucratic administration. Not until the Middle Ages—an era so unjustly despised by the ultra-moderns—did they come together again. The same fate may well overtake us. Even to-day a disposition towards the Stoic or mystic withdrawal is mani-

fested among the best of men. There is many a country to-day where a Stoic quietism has much to recommend it.

If free societies are not to fall to pieces under the strain, if a new age of Caesarism is to be averted, the alternative must be sought in the possibilities that are offered by a reformed secondary education. There never was a time when what we can make of select spirits among our adolescents was of more crucial importance. The prejudices of a mistaken equalitarianism against the deliberate creation of an *élite* are themselves a source of grave danger and must be overcome. A misinterpretation of equality is the worst enemy to liberty, for it means, in the end, nothing less than the prohibition of excellence. Indications of this are surely abundant enough to-day, where the low average tends to become supreme. The loss of real liberty that ensues, of space and resources for full cultivation of all that is fine and good, is only too cruelly apparent even now.

It is a terrible mistake, characteristic of some modern democracies, to imagine that you escape a controlling *élite* by refusing to bend your educational system to the production of one. The result of that is not to have no *élite* but to have an unintended one that you do not really want and that accords ill with what you really desire for your society. The issue is not whether you will have an *élite*, but whether you will choose what *sort* of *élite* you will have and then set yourself to the production of it, if you do choose.

There is no conflict between this and democratic principle, though there is conflict between it and some of the techniques in politics and education which democracy has adopted on this continent. An *élite* is not a caste. It is recruited on the basis not of birth but of merit proved through a long discipline. There is selection, it

is true, but selection guided by firm ideal standards with no regard to irrelevant considerations of wealth or blood.

Moreover, an organic, functional society is not a "static" society as many of our American critics misconceive it. "The form remains, the function never dies." But it is the form and the function only that abide; the individuals are in a state of continual convection like the particles in a heated liquid. Or to take another analogy, the metabolism is free and unrestricted, while the anatomical form and the physiological scheme of functions remain constant.

American commentators, imbued as they are with an oversimplified equalitarianism—itself the result of fortunate circumstances—find it difficult to understand the idea of an organic society, as expressed, though imperfectly, in the older European countries. Thus the head of a great university school of education in the United States can write:

> The conditions of life in Europe are so thoroughly systematized that the individual has little or no escape from the classification imposed on him by inheritance. A boy born in the peasant class will continue to be a peasant all his days. The artisan's son expects to enter upon some trade closely related to that which his father follows . . . It is very easy to prescribe a curriculum for a boy who is stamped by heredity with an indelible mark as is the European boy . . . Europe has social castes. European education grew from above downward. European secondary schools were in the past and are in very large measure to-day the homes of aristocracy, accessible only to the *élite*.

This is sufficiently amazing to those who know that Europe would have lost many of its statesmen and men of distinction in recent years had it been true, and who know how many scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge

to-day are held by ex-elementary schoolboys. But, as revealed in such a quarter, ignorance of the facts is less ominous than the complete failure to distinguish between a caste society and an organic functional society. An educational organ, designed for the purpose of *discovering* and training an *élite* is confused with a closed privilege "accessible only to the *élite*." It would almost seem as though the American observer can see nothing democratic in any system which does not follow his own simple technique of putting everybody through the ordinary high school. Where there is selection, there is caste—so the inference seems to run.

If this really is the American point of view, it augurs ill for the future when the demand for the construction of a truly organic society is likely to become more and more insistent. For it implies inability to distinguish the well-established organic *function* from the particular individuals who, at any particular time, are discharging it. But that is precisely what the conception of a free but organic society requires. "How do you propose to get your work done?" is the question. Is the American answer to be: "Put them all through the high school and then let them scramble for it?" If not, then, somehow or other, a designed process of selection must operate.

Now it is true that, in the oligarchic conditions of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, a spirit of caste did seize upon the schools and universities of Europe. Ancient endowments left for the free education of the able, whatever their social class, were captured and largely monopolized by the privileged. But this is a comparatively late development, coincident with the decline of the church as a controlling agent of education. The spirit of the church, right from the Middle Ages, had always been to take its good wherever that might

be found. Always it was concerned, in its own interest, to keep the ways open for ability. Think, for instance, of a William of Wykeham or a Wolsey. Thus in England, in 1405, a parliament of landlords legislating to check movement of the rural population to the towns so as to keep up the supply and keep down the price of agricultural labour, had, nevertheless, to make an exception in the case of education. Thus runs the law as given in Leach's *Educational Charters*:

> That no man or woman, of what estate or condition they be, shall put their son or daughter, of whatsoever age he or she be, to serve as apprentice, to no craft nor any other labour within any City or Borough in the Realm, except he have land or rent to the value of 20*s*. by the year at the least, but they shall be put to other labours, to service to such labour, be it within City, Burgh, or without, as his said father or mother used, or as their Estates doth require, upon pain of one year's imprisonment, and to make fine and ransom at the King's will. *Provided always, that every man or woman, of what estate or condition that he be, shall be free to set their son or daughter to take learning at any manner school that pleaseth them within the Realm.*

Such a proviso (italics mine) to such a law is evidence enough of the force of some powerful control which can be no other than the practice of the church. This was the real tradition, and modern reforms may be regarded as an effort to get back to it. The movements for *L'Ecole Unique* in France, the *Einheitschule* in Germany, and the growth of publicly-controlled secondary schools in England are all thoroughly democratic in character. But none of them contemplates the abandonment of selection and the reduction of secondary education to the level of a common average. Each of these countries would view with horror an interpretation of "Secondary Education for All," which called upon it to abolish its chosen

instrument for securing the emergence of its finest and best.

Thus there may be more things in democracy than are dreamt of as yet in the American philosophy of it. But there is great work, nevertheless, for the American idea to do, with its purity from class-taint. The European organ, especially in England, is still badly infected with the eighteenth-century views. The selecting dice are still too heavily loaded. This is shown not only in the claims made by so many of the public schools, but also in the blind snobbery (to give it its proper name) which marks the attitude of many secondary-school teachers towards the "elementary" schools. Here is an editorial note from a recent issue of *The Journal of Education*, regarded in England as a periodical with liberal ideas:

> At the Council Meeting of the Assistant Masters' Association, Mr. E. Davies, moved that "free secondary education for all" should be deleted from the policy of the Association. As the discussion showed that some doubt existed whether "free secondary education for all" represented the policy of the Association, it was decided to pass to the next business. If secondary education became free and universal, how could it be distinguished from elementary education? Ever since education became the concern of the Government in this country, the term elementary has connoted that irreducible minimum of education which every child should be given the opportunity to receive. Such a definition of elementary education is, of course, linked with the question of the age to which attendance at school is enforced. Under existing legislation, elementary education is fairly sharply defined. Whether it should approach more closely in type to secondary education is arguable.

The point to note here is the complete inability of the writer to rise to a truly *functional* conception of either "elementary" or "secondary" education. He

identifies "elementary" with "compulsory" (leaving us to assume that "secondary" implies the free choice of the more privileged). Yet at this moment the educational system of England is being reorganized on the grounds laid down by the Hadow Report, that the "irreducible minimum" of compulsory education carries every child right out of the elementary sphere and into ranges that must be considered "secondary." And it defines secondary education in purely functional terms, as "The Education of the Adolescent," a definition free from all taint of class-privilege. To find, then, a reputable journal writing as though no Hadow Report had ever appeared, must be almost unintelligible outside of England. The key to understanding is to be found in that *damnosa hæreditas* of class-feeling which still, largely unconsciously, infects the thinking of so many, particularly of the middle class, of whom the secondary assistant masters are fairly representative.

The purer, if oversimplified American idea has, therefore, real work to do. But it will be a calamity if American virtues are to be demonstrated by a misrepresentation of those of Europe, and if a still-continuing class-taint in some quarters in Europe blinds Americans to the real character of the European tradition. Selection is of the essence of the function of education in an organic society, and what America has to learn is that selection, so far from being undemocratic, may be more truly democratic, more conducive to liberty, than its own prevailing technique of a generous but undistinguished universalism. The alternative seems to be an expanding level morass of indistinction affording no foundation for the building of excellence, and serving ultimately to engulf the standards of civilization itself in a distinctionless mass.

But, still following Plato, we must be clear that, if there must be selection, there must be also a precise and intelligible definition of values to govern such selection. This is the task of the moralist and the philosopher rather than of the educator *eo nomine*. Here America still awaits its Rousseau or its Plato. In most current writing on education by the educators themselves the issue is simply shirked; in fact it hardly seems to be recognized. The atmosphere of pragmatism is not conducive to clear definition of standards, and the talk is still mainly of experimentalism, of the cultivation of intelligence for its own sake, of "projects" designed to give practical and "instrumental" acquaintance with the social environment, and of "shared activities." Of real ends and guiding principles in the Greek sense, we hear all too little. The dramatists and essayists are much more fundamental in their analyses, but the professional educators, for the most part, seem to be curiously insensitive to what is going on. A more resolute application of the old pragmatist philosophy is as far as they can go. "Cultivate the sincere use of intelligence in a free medium of shared activities, and hope for the best," seems to be the result of it all.

The lack of real definition such as might afford a basis both for prolonged discipline and wise selection on Platonic lines, may be illustrated by an example taken from a writer in *The Educational Frontier*. Writing on adult education, he describes with some enthusiasm the shared activities and collective exercises of intelligence on the part of some villagers who were disturbed by the prospect of a highway being planned so as not to pass through their village. The activities described were certainly stimulating, and educative in the sense that through them the participants would learn much

about government and the pursuit of the common good. But nowhere are we told *precisely what these villagers were trying to do*, whether they were aiming at justice, *ruat coelum*, or whether they were resolved that the highway should come through their village in any case, and let justice go hang.

Is not this typical of the whole situation? Increase the fizz, and something good will surely be precipitated. If that is the injunction, what can be hoped for it in a world like this? The trouble with so many of the specifics that are being urged to-day is that they are as applicable to harmful as to salutary ends, just because they stop short of defining quite precisely the *kind* of Good Life they are aiming at. The reason may be that to do this would be to reveal too nakedly the duty of the school to make war on much of its surrounding world, and would make short work of many of the optimistic philosophies of adaptation in consequence.

The writer referred to above has much to say about shared activities "in a worthy cause," but he is curiously reticent about what he takes a worthy cause to be. A similar reluctance to push the definition of full human objectives right through is satirized in that coldly sardonic work, *Middletown:*

> Middletown boasts of the fact that only 2.5 per cent of its population of ten years of age or older cannot read or write, and meanwhile the massed weight of advertising and professional publicity are creating a new form of social illiteracy, and the invention of the motion picture is introducing the city's population, young and old, week after week, into types of vivid experience which they come to take for granted as part of their lives yet have no training to handle. Another type of social illiteracy is being bred by the stifling of self-appraisal and self-criticism under the heavily diffused habit of solidarity in which the schools co-operate.

It would be difficult to find a more vivid pointer than this towards the function which a fully selective system of secondary education would have to discharge.

This great but neglected issue of the ruling values may be put in a sharp form if we set it up against the type of life which would be represented by the triumph of the salesman and the advertiser. It is surprising that philosophers of education should have given so little thought to this issue. Here, on the one hand, is an industrial world so organized that an ever-growing multiplicity of material wants among the people is essential to its continuance. A man's life, it says, must consist in the multitude of the things he possesses, and the ever-insistent din of the advertiser is there to remind him of it. On the other hand is the ideal of quietness, of contemplation and self-sufficiency, of taste and discrimination, and of the limitation of wants to what is necessary and what is good. Such seems to be the inspiration of liberal education as once understood.

How can these two things be reconciled? Yet how can secondary education, the very process of shaping and continuing the ruling values, avoid the issue? What are we to do? Shall we accept the advertiser's gospel of "Increasing Plenty of Things," and work out a philosophy of the Good Life (if we can) to suit it? Or shall we, convinced that the spirit is stifled beneath a shifting multitude of irrelevant possessions, pit education against industry and take the consequences? Surely it is passing strange that this most central and most urgent problem should have been so little noted by the educational philosophers. Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World* gives us a sombre picture of a society that seems to have accepted the first solution. But then, he is not professedly an educationist.

It is reflections such as these that make one doubt very seriously whether any workable new synthesis will be possible for a long time yet, and whether education, as at present inspired and organized, will play quite the prominent part in achieving it that the optimists appear to expect. But one thing is clear, namely that all these issues must not fail to be considered in any reorganization of secondary education that has to be carried through. For it is in that arena that the life of societies in the future will be mainly made or marred.

When we speak of the selective function of secondary education, we must not be taken as repudiating the doctrine of "Secondary Education For All." In the complex societies of the future it will not be possible to secure cohesion and disciplined co-operation unless educative control is exercised over everybody through a period covering at least the earlier years of adolescence. But it is precisely this which makes selection so urgent. That all should stop at a common lower point is unthinkable. But that all should go on to a higher point is equally unthinkable, especially in view of the unsuitability of "school" as such for many of the later forms of adolescent education. So extensive and so intensive will the higher education have to be, in the interests of maintaining the central life of an organic society, that rigorous selection is inevitable.

It should take effect as early as possible, not as in England to-day, upon the results of a formal examination, but by the more Platonic method of watchful observation under controlled conditions in a suitable school. And "school" should carry the pupil farther than it does now before he enters the university. American and English schools alike will have to move, in this regard, closer to the Continental European model.

But the secondary (adolescent) education of the rank and file cannot be neglected either. For the correlative of leadership is followership, and the philosopher-king is ineffective in a community that is incapable of recognizing him. It is in this field of the secondary training of the rank-and-file that ever wider diversification of facilities will be called for. These facilities will include much more than the ordinary school as usually understood. Organized industry, in particular, will have a great educative part to play.

One more comment may be added. It concerns organization, of which, nowadays, we hear so much. We shall have to learn to think less in terms of organization and more in terms of personnel, of both teachers and pupils. Hitherto we have been disposed to think of schools as so many branches of a central agency, like post-offices, each providing its locality with a supply of a standard service. There are severe limits to what secondary education can do under such conditions. The main purpose of organization will now have to be, not to standardize, but to discover *teachers*, to train them for their work, and then to provide scope and stimulus so that they may fully individualize themselves, their schools, and their pupils. Already there are welcome signs of a change in this direction.

It is characteristic of the easy-going confusion of thought which has infected our educational practice for so long, that, very hopefully, we have been trying to achieve a democratic education by means of despotically controlled teachers! The contradiction is glaring enough, once we are disposed to see it. We have thought of educational organization as a pyramid with teachers at the base and diminishing strata of administrators above. It will not be easy to think of it *laterally*, as it were, as a

federation of largely autonomous schools, bound together, not by common subjection to any despot, but by a common faith and purpose like that of any free society. But the effort will have to be made, and one measure of its progress will be a steady rise in the status and social recognition of the teacher.

In conclusion it should be noted that the needs of the future call for some effective amalgam of the best elements in European and American ideas of secondary education. The generosity, the freedom from class-taint, and the experimental spirit of the American idea need to be fused with the exacting standards, the thoroughness of discipline, the subtler interpretation of equality, and the faithfulness to a great cultural tradition, which mark the European idea. Mutual understanding is thus of the first importance.

The favourable situation of Canada for contributing to such a result needs no emphasis. If democracy is to be preserved with no risks to real culture, if liberty is to be reconciled with order, if opportunity is to be guaranteed with no threat of chaos and no scaling down of standards to the level of a low average, no country is better placed than Canada to try the hazard of so delicate and so splendid an endeavour.

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS—OLD STYLE

PHILIP CHILD

IT would be a pious act for modern woman, who votes, drives a car, and enters business and the professions, to survey her origins in the life of Mrs. Hannah More, who was one of the first women not born to the purple to achieve fame and a career without being somebody's mistress, and who died exactly a century ago at the ripe age of eighty-eight.

In her youth a blue-stocking and a friend of Johnson and Garrick, in maturity an active and able philanthropist, gradually during the long years of later life she settled into the congenial rôle of preceptress and maiden aunt extraordinary to the docile young of three generations. The titles of her books have the prim fragrance of an old-fashioned costume: *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education with a View of the Principles and Conduct Prevalent among Women of Rank and Fortune; An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World; Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Life and Manners.* These books, once best-sellers, speak only to ghostly readers now; yet behind the starched phrases still lurks the authentic tone of an old woman of flesh and blood.

Two portraits of her, almost as starched and prim as her phrases, adorn her works. One may choose between a rather stern old lady in a ribboned lace cap who in Volume I presides with "sanctitude severe and pure," and not a little complacency, over the parade of octavos, and a carefully posed, charming young lady in the last volume—precisely typical of all charming young ladies who are

carefully posed, in all ages. Between the extremes of those two symbolic portraits lay a life full of the placid monotony of a woman's existence in her time, yet full, too, of uncommon events, for she did unusual things and had unusual friends.

Her life was a long one. Prince Charlie, last of the princes by divine right, marched to Culloden in 1745, the year of her birth; in the year of her death, almost a century later, the reformed parliament of 1833 gave democracy its first foothold. Certain scenes, some picturesque, some apparently trivial, flash forth from the small talk of her letters and reward one with glimpses of her real character. One sees the future blue-stocking first as a little girl, frightening her father by her precocity at studies and filling quires of paper with letters to famous depraved characters intended to reclaim them from error. Then, in her twenties, we see her with her sister Sally in London; and that Babylon, where many a literary genius had starved on Grub Street, lay at the feet of a good-looking, amiable girl with just the right shade of self-confidence and of mediocre talent to please fashion. She was a sprightly young lady who loved small but very rational parties, "where the spirit of the evening is kept upon the strength of a little lemonade till past eleven without cards, scandal, or politics." Dr. Johnson had never been able to resist good-looking young ladies and Miss Hannah was handsome; Sally More writes with vivacity of how they had met "Dictionary Johnson, Abyssinia Johnson" in the flesh. He had playfully shaken his scientific head at young Hannah and called her a silly thing. She and Dr. Johnson delighted to exchange compliments in sonorous, perfectly balanced prose. Once there had been august censure, too, when she had owned to reading *Tom Jones*, "a confession which no modest lady

should ever make." Boswell tells an anecdote that fixes for an instant her authentic gestures: Dr. Johnson looking very serious, very pontifical, had made a *double entendre* of some raciness and the company had tittered; Hannah had wanted to giggle too, yet at the same time she had valued her decorum, so she "slyly hid her face behind a lady's back who sat on the same settee." Inevitably she tiffs with Bozzy and scolds him majestically for "entering her presence much disordered with wine." The great Garrick calls her "Dear Nine"—meaning all the muses! Indeed she goes everywhere and sees everyone.

She watches the notorious Duchess of Kingston defend herself before the Peers: "I forgot to tell you the Duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly." She meets Lord Rodney, "crowned with laurel and glory," at Mrs. Montagu's: "Mrs. Pepys proposed that all the women in the room should go up and salute him, and wanted me to begin; I professed that I would willingly be the second, but who would be the first?" Already there is an undernote of concern at feminine foibles in dress. Some ladies carry on their heads a quantity of fruit; some, at the back of their perpendicular caps, hang four or five ostrich feathers—"Spirit of Addison!" she exclaims, "thou pure and gentle shade, arise! . . . Oh, that thy master-spirit, speaking and chiding in the graceful page, could recall the blushes, and collect the scattered and mutilated remnants of female modesty!" For all her liveliness, she is a serious young lady: "a poetical lady," the gentlemen called her. She is *savante* too; studies "like a dragon" and lends her stately and informed presence to the salons of the famous blue-stockings where the talk is so witty and so learned. She writes plentifully and becomes the talk of the town: a tragedy for her friend Garrick to perform, a ballad as neatly clipped as a privet hedge and

blossoming becomingly into a moral—Dr. Johnson adds a verse of his own and is moved to call her "the most powerful versificatrix in the English language." It is fashionable to patronize the poetic efforts of cobblers, dairy women, and ploughmen, and she for her part publishes the verse of a milkmaid poetess, a natural genius. The incident up to a point is pretty; she is Stella, the milkmaid is Lactilla. But Lactilla is ungrateful; at the touch of money Arcady vanishes, and though Stella is picturesquely patient, the end of the preposterous episode is anything but pastoral.

Thus she passed her youth, a charming warm-hearted girl, sometimes sprightly, sometimes a little stiff, impeccably moral, and always with a vein of methody seriousness in her. One breath of romance she had had. She had become engaged to a man many years her senior. Perhaps her youth and the rumour of her disconcerting cleverness had frightened Squire Turner; at all events the engagement had been broken "in a manner reflecting credit on both parties." She had made no pageant of her bleeding heart (if, indeed, it bled); she was too sturdy, and besides it was not the custom of the century; instead she had taken life as it came and had enjoyed it. But middle age had crept upon her. Presently Garrick died, and his death seemed to close the door finally on light-hearted youth. Death, the great missionary of the eighteenth century, possessed her like a familiar spirit. Wesley and Whitfield had exhumed Death from his interment at the back of men's thoughts and sent him abroad in his cerements asking a single question of Christians: *Man lives here but a moment, what of eternity?* He asked that question of Hannah More at Garrick's funeral: the bells of St. Martin's and the Abbey, she wrote, "smote upon my very soul." That was in 1779.

Thereafter she gradually withdrew from the fashionable world, and eight years later the preaching of the Rev. John Newton, friend of Cowper and former slave captain, finished what Death had begun. What, then, was she to do with her life?

The question was soon answered. Walking one day with William Wilberforce among the colliers of the Mendip Hills only a few miles from the country where Wordsworth was to write *Lyrical Ballads*, she was confronted with the extreme of human misery and sordid ignorance among people trying to exist on a shilling a day. There was no one to teach them the decencies of life. The church was apathetic: Mr. G. the incumbent of the living of Axbridge "is intoxicated about six times a week and very frequently is prevented from preaching by two black eyes, honestly earned by fighting." The condition of these poor folk was a challenge which she accepted with enthusiasm. True religion must be brought into their homes, and a little education too.

She tried to propitiate the chief despot of the village "who is very rich and very brutal . . . He begged I would not think of bringing any religion into the country; it was the worst thing in the world for the poor, for it made them lazy and useless." A yeoman-farmer told her "he did not want saints, but workmen;" and his wife remarked that "the lower class were fated to be poor and ignorant, and wicked, and that wise as *we* were, we could not alter what was *decreed*." "Very true," adds the husband, "besides he liked the parish very well as it was; if the young men *did* come and gamble before his house of a Sunday evening, when they might as well do it farther off, it was only for him to go out and swear and they went away, and what could one desire more?" But Mistress Hannah was a capable woman who knew how to get her way; she

flattered the squires and yeomen-farmers in her best Johnsonese: she had a little plan which she hoped would secure their orchards from being robbed, their rabbits from being shot, their game from being stolen, and which might lower the poor rates—education. Perhaps awed at the sight of such strenuousness in a female, they let her proceed with her plan. Many mothers refused to send their children to her schools for fear that she might get a power over them and transport them over the sea into a state of slavery. Still others were willing—one may discern something sinister in their willingness—to send their children if they were paid for it. She and Patty More persevered. Two ignorant drunkards who were pleased to call their venture "methodistical" tried to disrupt a meeting; Patty told them "it would be a serious thing if they should die that night, after having attempted to disturb a people who were solely met for religious purposes." "How can you put such melancholy things in one's head, ma'am?" muttered one of the men, and ran out. The sisters began to win over the people. There are pictures in their letters of the first Sabbath-school picnic—psalms prettily sung, addresses happily made, and nine hundred people sitting down to a dinner of beef, plum pudding, and cider. There is an annual feast for her poor women's clubs, and Mistress Hannah and "a few of the better sort of people" wait on the women, "who sit and enjoy their dignity." "Caps and tippets, 100 girls—£8," paints a picture. Virtuous scholars are given, upon their marriage, five shillings, a pair of white stockings, and a new Bible. Her scheme of instruction was simple: "They learn on week-days such coarse works as may fit them for servants. I allow of no writing for the poor. My object is not to make fanatics, but to train up the lower classes in habits of industry,

and piety." It was still the eighteenth century, and she thought the poor should have their chance to be as good and, perhaps, as happy as the rich, but it was no part of her intention that they should know as much.

Presently when the French Revolution burst upon Europe, her enemies forgot to call her a Methodist and began to call her a Jacobin. Preposterous charges were made: she had suborned two men to assassinate a clergyman; she was involved in Hadfield's attempt to murder George III; she was art and part with Charlotte Corday in the murder of Marat—a pretty climax! Having chosen to do work outside woman's ordinary sphere, she had to suffer the usual slanders. But she persevered, "for [she wrote] the night cometh."

Nearly fifteen years had gone by, consecrated, to quote the quaint memorial tablet in Wrington parish church, "in a life of practical piety and diffusive benevolence." She gave up her work among the colliers. Past now was middle age with its struggles and calumnies. At Barley Wood, successor to Cowslip Green, she held court surrounded by her unobtrusive but delightful sisters, Miss Patty who had shared her work in the Mendips, Miss Mary and Miss Elizabeth, and Miss Sally, the "bright and intellectual one"—"Prosy Moore" her sisters called her, because she had written two novels that have long since become lost in the second-hand litter of over a century.

A succession of guide-books to the pious life, all best-sellers, now issued forth from her quill and were translated into dozens of vernaculars from Iceland to Ceylon. She wrote just what the growing middle class wanted to hear, in a way that expressed a mutual bond of mediocrity. There are too few traces in these writings of the legendary charm that surrounded her youth. One can hardly help

picturing her as a kindly but limited duenna anxious that eager young ears should not miss a word she utters.

Take, for instance, her recipe for choosing a mate. A certain Coelebs, the hero of her only novel, goes in search of a wife who is to be as nearly as possible the embodiment of Milton's Eve:

> I do not want [says Coelebs] a Helen, a Saint Cecilia, or a Madame Dacier; yet she must be elegant or I should not love her, sensible or I should not confide in her, well-informed or she could not educate my children, well-bred or she could not entertain my friends, consistent or I should offend the shade of my mother, pious or I should not be happy with her because the prime comfort in a companion for life is the delightful hope that she will be a companion for eternity.

The god Eros is not allowed to meddle. She had not allowed Eros to meddle in her own life. Perhaps that is why she was a little hard on young love when it threatened to interfere with her settled habits. That on such occasions she could be obstinate and tyrannical is all too plain from her treatment of little Selina Mills.

Selina was a timid young Quaker who lived with the five spinster ladies. Her, Zachary Macaulay wished to woo and win, though he was, he confesses, "exceedingly slow to credit the existence of a reciprocal regard." Since he was about to sail for Africa, he desired to see Selina and come to an understanding with her. Hannah, however, wishing to spare pain to her sister Patty whose jealous devotion to Selina would not brook a rival, told Zachary that Selina cared not a straw for him. The impetuous lover might have gone back to Africa without declaring himself had he not by accident (or was it an accident?) come upon the little Quaker in a room downstairs, alone and sobbing her heart out for him. The upshot was amusing and a little pathetic. Mrs. Hannah

refused to be won over and Zachary uttered "an involuntary expression of surprise that those women who possessed the greatest share of intrinsic worth did not seem to possess that degree of estimation in the eyes of men which they merited." In spite of the magniloquence of his "amatory sentiments," Zachary, too, was human.

Mrs. Hannah had a passion for morality. "As for poetry," De Quincey reports her as saying, "I foreswore that, and I think everybody else should foreswear it together with pink ribbons." But poetry may be a difficult habit to lay aside, and though religion and morality were her daily food and drink, she still thought of herself as the *mondaine* lady of London's salons, the judge of good literature, who knew that "truth in taste is as obvious as in morals and as certain as in mathematics." (There speaks the happy eighteenth century!) And so it was impossible for a person of her views not to notice the passionate pilgrimages of certain gilded young men like Byron and Moore, impossible to refrain from asserting majestically that literature ought to be a refuge from all vulgar and dangerous topics (the phrase is hers). "The old bishop in petticoats," Cobbett called her with more wit than grace—and very unjustly too, for if poetry is to be a law unto itself, why not morality likewise? And there was no getting round the fact that his lordship's muse was not the sort of lady we should like our wives and sisters to entertain in our parlours. "The Muse of Lord Byron steps forth with her pelisse in disorder, her zone unbuckled, her cheek suffused, from the polluted precincts of the seraglio" (the phrases are from an Evangelical magazine of the time)—and someone had to be there to escort the muse back where she belonged. Mrs. Hannah was there, though she used the noble lord more gently than some did. She had her enthusiasms too; she con-

tinues to enjoy the great poets—Milton, Spenser, Cowper, Young, Beattie, and Erasmus Darwin! And she loves Shakespeare: "I venture to hazard an opinion," she writes, "that in company with a judicious friend or parent many scenes of Shakespeare may be read not only without danger, but with profit."

The free exercise of the intellect was as repugnant to her as the free exercise of the imagination. Not imagination but conformity and discipline were the bases of Evangelical education. Martha Sherwood, Hannah's contemporary, tells of being put as a child in a sort of stocks; she had been obliged to translate fifty lines of Virgil every morning "standing in these . . . stocks with an iron collar pressing on my throat." She adds quaintly: "It only wanted one to tell me I was hard-used to turn this healthful discipline into poison; but there was no such person to give this hint." And so in Hannah More's books all subjects are disciplined with the stiffest theological backboard.

Even Politics. Shortly after the fall of the Bastille she began to write penny tracts for the enlightenment of the British poor who desperately needed assistance more material than bad verse. The poor and the unsuccessful —she was neither herself—must bow to the will of Providence, such is the lesson of her penny tracts. For example, there is her tale of the saintly death of the Evangelical mouse who, though starving, refused to touch his master's cheese and bacon. *The Loyal Subjects' Political Creed* is one of the most remarkable of these tracts:

> I do believe these times are sent
> For warning, and for punishment:
> Of God's displeasure they're the token
> Because his holy laws are broken.

> I think Heaven's punishments are due
> To atheism and sedition too;
> I think for these 'tis God's own sending
> And *not* because our laws want mending.

It is one of the minor ironies of English literature that Coleridge should have dedicated his revolutionary *Robespierre* to her.

She thought of Providence as a sort of glorified British squire, politically dependable, having no truck with French philosophists, and as demonstrably on the side of Great Britain in arranging her splendid isolation geographically as he had been in arranging her state religion: "In making our country an island, Divine Providence seems to have made a provision for our happiness as well as for our security. As that circumstance has protected us from the sword, it should also protect us from the manners of our continental neighbours."

Behind all these notions concerning literature, politics, and what not, stalked the great reality, Death, bringing fear and romance to her and to thousands like her. Woe unto those who entered the portals of the tomb without the talisman of the Thirty-nine Articles! Woe, likewise, to those who danced, played cards, frivolled in *fêtes champêtres* at Ranelagh Gardens, went to the pernicious theatre—when Israfel stood with the silver trumpet at his very lips. The terror of the tomb! The romance of the tomb! . . . She wanted the fell sergeant, Death, to be strict in his arrest. She could never understand how an infidel like Mr. Hume could make a firm end. That he should, seemed to her a flaw in the fitness of things in contrast with which the irresolute decease (according to her) of Voltaire was a matter almost for satisfaction. Nor do her protestations of humility mask

from us a certain spiritual snobbery in her. As usual Byron was partly right; she is

> Morality's prim personification
> In which not envy's self a flaw discovers.
> To other's share let female errors fall,
> For she had not even one—the worst of all.

But she was better than her beliefs. She loved people, though without really understanding them. True to her nature is the tale of her attempt to succour Harriet Lester, sold by her father at sixteen in the King's Bench to a fellow prisoner. She traced Harriet to her slum and persuaded her to leave the "protector" whose neglect had led her to attempt suicide. Nor did she ever upbraid the girl in spite of the inevitable back-slidings: "If ever it should please God to touch her heart with true repentance," Hannah told her, she was "to write to me and I would still receive her." It is an honest voice that speaks.

She lived in an uncritical age. In one of her own books there is a cut of Moses being lifted out from the bulrushes by Pharaoh's daughter in the person and court costume of Queen Caroline, while in the background pyramids rear themselves above the dingy chimney-pots of London. When Hannah More wrote, science had not yet been rescued from the bulrushes by Pharaoh's daughter, Mr. Darwin, or by anyone else. The universe was still intact and without relativity. Electrons and the subconscious were unheard of, and Evangelicals like Hannah More were embarked on a glorious adventure—the winning of immortality through a prescribed use of the present life. If we cannot share the entirety of their belief, is it not because a new conception of the universe has intervened between them and us?

She had become a formidable old lady, dressed like most old ladies of the time in black cambric with a plain

muslin handkerchief over it, and a full-ruffled muslin cap. In her youth when she had lived at Bristol only a few miles from Bath, she might have seen Beau Nash strutting it in the pump-room in his bag-wig and solitaire, his crimson, ruffled coat with the great sleeves, his jessamine powder, his red heels, and that polished, dandiacal, shoulder-high cane. And later on she might have beheld the apogee of tailcoats and cravats when another Beau—Captain George Brummel—went his immaculate way to Brookes's or Raggett's or Watier's. But during her lifetime more than the fashions had changed; though she never realized it, the world was her world no longer. When she was an old lady of seventy-five, the poor old squire George III, whom men had first got used to, then liked, and finally pitied, died, and George IV, the "fat Adonis," stepped to the throne and reigned for ten years. Him too she had outlived. Years ago she had moved in dignified orbit about the Great Planet, meeting people whose names had grown into legends—Burke, Reynolds, Paoli, Lord Monboddo, the Garricks. And now she had become the embodiment of a tradition. People who loved the romance of the past called at Barley Wood to pay their homage to the last living relic, preserved in lavender and muslin, of the famous constellation of Ursa Major.

She loved to tell anecdotes of the great man. She had become herself a kind of spinster Dr. Johnson. There were the dinner parties. Young De Quincey dined there and tells us of meeting Mrs. Siddons, and of how the two ladies talked by the hour together with complete and harmonious misapprehension of each other, because the tenets of Evangelicals are always capable in lax conversation of being translated into a vague general sense. Young Macaulay was Mrs. Hannah's *protégé;* young Gladstone left Barley Wood with a copy of her *Sacred*

Dramas under his arm and much good advice buzzing in his ears. To visit her was to confer no mean honour upon oneself. Mrs. Sherwood describes the process with humour:

> Mrs. Hannah was enquired after by Mrs. King, who said she was very anxious to introduce us, pleading that my brother was a young clergyman and that it was desirable that Mrs. Hannah should see him. "Hmph! Yes, very proper," all the sisters answered; but then "Mrs. Hannah was not well; she was confined to her room—such demands upon her—such a tax—such an object of public attention—the fatigue so great—the fear of giving offence so vast. Lady —— had been refused, and my Lord —— put off, and even Mr. Wilberforce and the Bishop of London set aside, *etc. etc. etc.*"

The four old ladies looked unutterable things, but never once uttered their sister's name. It was always *she*, and the voice fell to the lowest key when the *she* was uttered.

Thus, attended by the breathless veneration of her sisters and of those who saw in a ceremonious old lady the vestige of a lost manner, she watched the busy world go by with sure feeling that she had done her duty and that her fate was sealed and secure in other hands. But reverence to the gods cannot stay the fleeting years. One after another the sisters fell quietly away: first Mary, then Elizabeth and Sally within a year of each other, and finally in 1819, Patty, the closest to her, the sharer of her labours in the Mendips. Her impression of reality became more and more dim. She saw the birth of new ideas which seemed to her monstrous and misshapen; she saw revolution and the birth of democracy. And she did not understand them. Her energy was spent; she was unable to control her servants: there were frauds and impositions, false orders to tradespeople, charities diverted, midnight revelries that became the scandal of

the neighbourhood. And finally the old lady had to give up the home of more than a quarter of a century.

It is pleasant to paint one last picture of her indomitable spirit. When she was past her seventy-fifth year and seriously ill, her publisher begged her to write a short tribute to the late king whose loyal subject she had been for over sixty years:

> Having got everybody out of the way, I furnished myself with pen, ink and paper, which I concealed in my bed, and next morning in a high fever, with my pulse above a hundred, without having formed one idea, bolstered up, I began to scribble. I got on for about seven pages, my hand being almost as incompetent as my head. I hid my scrawl, and said not a word, while my doctor and my friends wondered at my increased debility. After a strong opiate I next morning returned to my task and finished seven pages more, and delivered my almost illegible pages to my friend to transcribe and send away. I got well scolded, but I loved the King, and was carried through by a sort of affectionate impulse.

Presently she and those of her kind and generation faded peacefully from the scene, never having ceased to hug to them the garments of dogma with which they had clothed their spirits.

Dean Swift, as everybody knows, wrote a book in which he likened dogmas to suits of clothes; this book he dedicated ironically to His Royal Highness, Prince Posterity. Clothes and Posterity! A century after Hannah More's death, one may ruffle the pages of the eleven volumes she left to that unmindful prince and ponder the symbolism of Swift's figure. Little of herself, of the woman of heart and passions, survives in the printed pages. Her humanity has died with her generation; it is as though one were looking not at the woman of another era but only at the clothes of dogma and of prejudice in the fashion of her time which she wore, and

which now hang emptily in the cupboard of Prince Posterity with the dust of a century upon them. *Eheu fugaces, postume, postume . . .* !

— REVIEWS —

ROMANTIC AND UNROMANTIC POETRY*

LOUIS CAZAMIAN

PROFESSOR HOUSMAN'S unpretending sketch of a great subject is quite in the manner of the older English universities; nothing could be less erudite and methodical on the surface, more quietly humourous and human. Professor Housman points out, of course, that whilst he teaches Latin and writes verse, he has nothing to do with the ambitious craft of literary criticism; he puts forth his opinions tentatively, and his account of the creative process in his own experience, at the end, could hardly be more candid and modest. But all along one seems to catch so many twinkles in his eye that a reviewer may well feel uncomfortable; by the side of that leisurely ease, what condensed analysis will not look strained; and in that atmosphere of gentlemanly under-statement, what blunt appreciation will not sound pedantic?

Let us, however, commit ourselves. Professor Housman's perceptions and views are, we believe, fundamentally right. The name of poetry, he thinks, is often misused; it should be reserved for such utterances as possess the power to move us in a special way. This is a power "to transfuse emotion—not to transmit thought but to set up in the reader's sense a vibration corresponding to what was felt by the writer." The creation of poetry has thus little to do with the intelligence; meaning,

*_The Name and Nature of Poetry_, by A. E. Housman, Cambridge University Press (Macmillans in Canada, $3.60).
Romantic and Unromantic Poetry, by Humbert Wolfe, J. W. Arrowsmith, 1s. 6d.

properly so called, is external to a poem. "Poetry is not the thing said, but a way of saying it." Historically, the ages of "metaphysical" conceits, of ingenuity, satirical pungency, and argumentative wit, were unpoetical; the four poets of the eighteenth century in whom "one can hear and recognize the poetic accent emerging clearly from the contemporary dialect," were Collins, Christopher Smart, Cowper, and Blake; "and what other characteristic had these four in common? They were mad." Dryden was a poet when he did not try to be one; there will be forgiveness in heaven for the man who under his breath, and thinking of the truer sense of the word, denies that Pope was one. Like Shakespeare, and perhaps to a purer degree, Blake is the highest efflorescence of the English poetic genius. The mysterious virtue of the poetic phrase will make the hair bristle, and send a shiver down the spine. "Poetry indeed seems to be more physical than intellectual." Poetic impulses arise from the obscure working of our less conscious mind; and the better portions of all poems are not made, but make themselves.

This anti-intellectualist and "intuitionist" view of poetry is essentially the romantic one; it can be traced, through Coleridge, to German semi-mystic idealism, but its earliest sources are much more remote in time, and it remains present and active in many modern views. If it is in itself very far from original, however, who will deny that to reassert it now was a timely act of courage? Professor Housman has chosen to give the doctrine a somewhat simplified expression. There is much to say for the discretion with which he has steered clear of all philosophical catchwords and pitfalls; and, on the other hand, his singular competence as a creative poet lends his pronouncement a weight of authority which a more tech-

nical style might not by itself have secured. Still, one feels a little disappointed that the analysis was not pushed further. The word "suggestion" is used once, but no attempt is made to show that the process of poetic presentment is pre-eminently suggestive, nor to find the very substance of the poetical emotion in the indefiniteness and expansiveness of unlimited associations. The "physical" aspect of poetry is emphasized, but no inquiry is set up into the relation between the "shiver" roused by the fine poetic phrase, and the thrill awakened by pregnant poetical evocations. The issue between the neo-classical and the romantic gospels of poetry, while it is practically decided, is not raised and thrashed out in principle; and the presence of a "symbolist" element in all genuine poetry is not brought out. Paradoxically enough, while Professor Housman is anything but dogmatic, his comments on the texts he quotes would point sometimes to an insufficient grasp of the subjectivity of poetic impressions; he seems to regard the suggestiveness of a passage as an intrinsic value, a fixed quantity, not as an entirely variable one, the efficiency of which depends in very large measure upon the response of the individual mind, even among naturally gifted and equally trained judges. Lastly, he is committed, by his own view that poetry is a bodiless essence, to a thoroughly liberal belief in its independence from the regular patterns of verse. Now, although he does quote instances of poetry from the Proverbs and the twenty-ninth Psalm, he never explicitly affirms the futility of the hard and fast distinction (in the material and formal sense) between poetry and prose. One might wish that he would take up these points again, and develop his views to their inevitable consequences. But his instinct for compromise, and his modesty, would stand in the way. Meanwhile we can be grateful for such a cheering and a

fine defence—even beyond the author's intent—of that much-wronged victim of present-day critical fashions, the romanticism that is co-extensive and co-eternal with poetry.

Mr. Humbert Wolfe's point, at first sight, seems to fit in remarkably well with Professor Housman's, and the two distinguished lecturers are at least in partial agreement. The agreement, however, lies rather on the surface. Mr. Wolfe's spirited attack upon "unromantic" poetry has, in fact, very little relation—or an extremely complex one—with Professor Housman's gentle dismissal of the school of Pope and Johnson. While the former's treatment of his subject is far more clever, philosophical, and brilliant, there runs through it a vein of arbitrariness, a perverse way of thinking across the categories and notions of historical criticism, which baffles the reader's attempt to keep his bearings clear. Not that Mr. Wolfe does not show himself a careful reasoner and a close analyst; only, he has allowed the dust of the present-day controversies to obscure for him the broader and more permanent issues of literary aesthetics. Stripped to essentials, his thesis is that the poetry of the late nineteenth century was romantic—a contention with which we have certainly no fault to find. For one generation, and chiefly since the war, a radical reaction has set in; the imagists, and many of the more recent poets, have been writing in a style which implies an entirely new departure, a total submission of the mind to the object, a condition of mental passivity, and the disruption of the ties which used to link up the images and ideas one with the other. What makes the situation more serious is that the main body of critical opinion is on the side of the reformers: "In critical opinion Mr. Herbert Read, Mr. Richards of Cambridge, and

Mrs. Virginia Woolf all point stubbornly in the same direction, under the dim, if unrecognized guidance of the austere figure of Professor Irving Babbitt;" while Mr. T. S. Eliot's equally awe-inspiring personality spreads the blessing of orthodoxy upon the iconoclasts. Mr. Wolfe is at pains to show that the "modernists" are revolutionaries of a kind hitherto unheard of; that they inaugurate a new art, with the help—more often than not—of a new language; and that, cruel as the comparison may be to their "humanist" allies, they would be fitly described as literary Bolshevists. Making no mystery of his strong opposition to those tenets, the writer pokes fun—not unjustifiably—at some of the stammering utterances from which humourless prophets have warned us to expect the rejuvenation of intellectual life. Mr. Ezra Pound, Mr. Allen Tate, Mr. Eugene Jolas, Mr. Conrad Aiken, come in for courteous castigation; and Mr. Eliot's own poetry is excepted from the common sentence only on the plea that it is now and then intelligibly poetical, at the cost of flatly disagreeing with the author's professed doctrine.

That is all right so far as it goes. But if Mr. Wolfe is no friend of the modernists, what is his poetical allegiance? Here the trouble begins. His notion of romanticism is peculiar. What he approves of in the poetry of fifty years ago, is not by any means that subtle suggestion of a thrill which to Professor Housman was the all-in-all of poetry, but the "recognition of the facts of existence," and the "power of the spirit of man to control and shape the other facts;" that is to say, a principle of moral activity, the idealism of the human mind's initiative, as opposed to the passivity extolled by the modernists from D. H. Lawrence to Miss Stein. Now a principle of moral activity was, of course, recognized by Wordsworth and Coleridge, although Wordsworth could speak of a "wise

passiveness;" but it receded into the background with other romantics of their time; it was completely ignored by the "decadents" of the late nineteenth century; speaking in general, most of the poets of the last hundred and fifty years have felt it their business to allow the still small voice of things to thrill through their subconscious selves on to their consciousness, and to be expressed in intuitively chosen words. When Professor Housman pointed out that the best poetry made itself, was not made, what else was he saying? So it would appear that the informing and moulding energy which Mr. Wolfe emphasizes is not part and parcel of the romantic ideal; on the contrary, it is a distinct element of classicism, and the point need not be laboured here.

Mr. Wolfe's defence of a moralizing, a "voluntarist," and an intellectualist romanticism, is thus an aesthetic paradox; what he has really done is to merge the romantic point of view in the classical; and by the word "romantic" he denotes a synthetic poetry in which the characteristics of classicism are predominant. If a proof of this were needed, we should find it in the statement that there is not "any distinction between those falsely-contrasted modes—the classic and the romantic. They are both dominations of sense by thought . . . . The dividing line is so thin that the romantic author of *Romeo and Juliet* is also the classic writer of *The Tempest*"—a remark to which one may well demur, as *The Tempest* is just as romantic to us as any other of Shakespeare's plays; and, indeed, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of" is quoted by Mr. Wolfe as the very motto of the romantics, with the conclusion, it is true, that "one dream may assume dominion upon another." However this may be, it is a far cry from the genuinely romantic to the truly classical ideal; that opposition remains to-day, as it was

yesterday, the paramount one; it will still be paramount when our hot controversies are forgotten and the modernists have ceased to alarm anybody; and Mr. Wolfe can only be regarded as a doubtful supporter of the romantics.

That he is a staunch adversary to the "unromantics," and the new-fangled modes of the present, is, of course, quite plain; but then the further question arises: what *are* those new-fangled fashions of the present? It is all very well to call them "unromantic;" but if critics may unite on a negative, artists must agree on a positive, principle. What is here the positive core of the agreement? Are the modernists the forerunners of a neo-classic renascence, as some of their friends would like them to be? Are they, as other observers believe, slaves to a desperate desire of renovation at any price, driven by the impulses of an extreme romanticism? Behind their hatred of what they call the romantic tradition, does there not lurk a romantic dislike of all ready-made patterns? To say that the new writers want to think and write away from both traditional schools, is simply to succumb to their slogan; the traditional schools were psychological realities, and the psychology of man has not been revolutionized with the advent of the modernists; their attempts, whether they like it or not, must bear some sort of definite relation to the typical moods of past literature; to run away from one of those moods is to get nearer to some other.

The whole matter is indeed seriously entangled, but it would be worth attempting to unravel it. This is no place in which to tackle such an argument. Our grievance against Mr. Wolfe is that, having some call to make the attempt, he has not felt that the question was material and urgent. Still, his thought-provoking lecture leaves the problem, like an arrow, vibrating in our minds.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER*

D. L. MURRAY

The centenary of the Oxford Movement last July fell upon a nation that had only the dimmest recollection of what it was that was being celebrated. The bewildered respect of the newspaper reporters detailed to attend the gorgeous ceremonies organized by the Anglo-Catholic Congress in the open-air stadium at Shepherd's Bush in West London was significant. They stood astounded by unimagined religious pageantry, and confusedly wished that, like the great military tattoos at Aldershot, it was self-explanatory, or could be somehow related to the national life. Meanwhile, as was to be expected, the compact body within the Church of England that still follows the inspiration of Newman, Pusey, Keble, and the Oxford *Tracts*, poured forth a flood of pamphlets, panegyrics, and memorial studies—which were read by those who already knew what was to be found in them. Nor were there wanting manifestos from the opposite ecclesiastical camp, from the standard-bearers of that unrelenting Protestantism which is compensated for its weakness within the English Church by its capacity to sweep the nation at large at any moment of crisis. What would have been most instructive was what was hardest to find, some genuinely representative expression of the mind of modern England towards that

*_The Oxford Apostles_, by Geoffery Faber, Faber and Faber (The Ryerson Press, $4.50).

The Tractarian Movement, 1833-1845, by the Rt. Revd. E. A. Knox, D.D., Putnam (McClelland and Stewart).

Northern Catholicism, edited by N. P. Williams, D.D., and Charles Harris, D.D., The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (General Board of Religious Education, Toronto, $2.25).

The Oxford Movement, by Shane Leslie, Burns Oates and Washbourne, 5s.

element contributed to the national tradition by the Oxford Tractarians a hundred years ago.

The four volumes that we have selected from a much larger heap fairly represent these various sections of opinion. *Northern Catholicism* is the latest, most scholarly, and most authoritative exposition of the standpoint of "Anglo-Catholicism." Mr. Shane Leslie, though he will always be a *franc-tireur*, gives in a highly individual style, coruscating with Irish wit and provocativeness, the point of view of the convert from Anglicanism to Rome. Bishop E. A. Knox, that formidable veteran, who, after retiring from the See of Manchester, emerged lately from his retreat to withstand and to conquer by the aid of parliament the whole official Church bent upon a revision of the Prayer Book in a mildly Tractarian direction, represents the unbending Protestant standpoint in its most eloquent, learned, and cultured form. And Mr. Geoffery Faber, whose great-uncle, Frederick Faber, the hymn-writer and founder of Brompton Oratory, was one of the most glittering of the stars that fell with Newman from the Anglican heaven—for what does Mr. Faber stand? The modern verdict? We had better defer the question for the moment.

Those who hold the comforting belief that the fires of *odium theologicum* have burnt very low in these days may well rub their eyes when they read, on the very first pages of Bishop Knox's book, his defence of Queen Elizabeth (against Macaulay) for her refusal to grant liberty, even of private worship, to the Roman Catholics of her reign. But Bishop Knox, who passed his student days in an Oxford through the streets of which there still moved the venerable figures of some of the chief Tractarians and their chief opponents, who was himself the irresponsive subject of the appeals of the aged Dr. Pusey, writes of the

movement with deep knowledge, if with a perfect lack of sympathy. He performs, too, a very useful service by setting it against its historical background, and showing it for what it was, a ripple in the great wave of the Catholic revival that washed the continent of Europe after Waterloo, a revival of which Chateaubriand, De Maistre, Lamennais, Montalembert, Manzoni, Möhler are among the thinkers whose influence can be traced in varying degrees among the Tractarians. Nor were there wanting English influences that prepared the ground for what was essentially in its origins an insular movement, though Mr. Shane Leslie surely exaggerates when he calls it "the only intellectual movement England has ever bred." The mediaeval romanticism of Scott, the transcendentalism of Coleridge, the devout conservatism of the later Wordsworth, all played their part in disintegrating the dryness of the eighteenth century and bringing back into the Church of England, and the nation it sought to serve, those "sentiments of fear, of mystery, of tenderness, of veneration, of devotion, and other sentiments," said Newman, "which can be called Catholic." It was a revival of mysticism, of the organic and corporate sense in church and society, of the imaginative Reason as opposed to a logic-chopping Rationalism, of the taste for mystery and Gothic as a relief from the hard daylight of classical aesthetics, of the historical consciousness against a self-conscious, critical modernity. "Newman," says Mr. Leslie, "begat Matthew Arnold, and Arnold begat Ruskin, and Ruskin begat the Pre-Raphaelites: Morris and Rossetti and Burne-Jones, who were all the children or adopted of Oxford. And Morris begat Pater, and Pater begat Wilde, so that even the Aesthetic Movement can be traced to the first stirrings of unearthly beauty awakened by the Vicar of St. Mary's." It was a spirit and as a

spirit easily recognizable; as a philosophic or dogmatic system it was and is harder to grasp. Its adherents soon split into opposing hosts; these have again and again subdivided, so that he would be rash who dared to say which modern school of theology has the right to call itself the intellectual heir of the Oxford Movement.

In the composite volume *Northern Catholicism*, Dr. N. P. Williams, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford, gives an invaluable sketch of the "Theology of the Oxford Movement," which shows how much that theology has varied in the development from Newman and Keble to our own day. Dr. Williams himself holds that it is the mission of the Oxford Movement to give expression to "a Catholicism which is neither Roman nor Byzantine; which is non-Papal, but at the same time specifically Western in its outlook and temper," a version of Catholicism, in short, that expresses the temperament of the Nordic peoples, which substitutes a "paternal" for a "regimental or imperial" authority, and which abstains from the excesses of folk-religion in the use of material objects of devotion, such as images, relics, and local shrines. It is a subtle and seductive theory as Professor Williams works it out on paper—but is it more than a paper theory? For the rank and file of his own group imitation of Rome suffices. Open now Mr. Shane Leslie's volume, and it is cheerfully assumed, as needing no demonstration, that the goal of the Oxford Movement is where Newman came to find it, in the communion of Rome and that communion only. Yet Mr. Leslie is too candid to be optimistic about the fulfilment of this pious hope. "With all its intellectual and artistic issues the Oxford Movement has been played out as an auxiliary to Rome."

All these may be called (in no derogatory sense) party

views, the views of groups who have taken their definite stand. We are still looking for something like the view of the cultivated public not yet vigorously attached to the tenets of this or that church or school. Does Mr. Faber supply it? He does and he does not. He quickly shows that what interests the modern man about the Oxford Movement, as about most of the movements of the past, is its psychology; and his book is in effect an analysis (sometimes a psycho-analysis) of Newman, Keble, Pusey, Hurrell Froude, and the other Tractarian leaders. As such it is at once brilliant and penetrating, and should drive forever off the stage of serious debate Mr. Lytton Strachey's ill-natured pantomime in his *Eminent Victorians*. But, when all is said, it is the defect of a psychological handling that, whether it exalts or debases its subjects, it cannot give a clear decision about the truth of their ideas. Mr. Faber finds that the "Oxford Apostles" were "remarkable personalities." What he thought would be "a dull and dreary course of reading" turned out "absorbingly interesting." Could it be otherwise when two such characters as Newman, with his rapier-like mind and irony and his seductive, almost feminine charm, and his inspirer, Hurrell Froude, that spiritual Hamlet and forerunner of Amiel and Bashkirtseff, afford matter for the psychologist's scalpel? But again we ask, what of the validity of their philosophy? Mr. Faber, his demonstration done, politely shrugs his way out of the amphitheatre. He prefers to say nothing . . . or, turning at the door, so to speak, he will say just this: "The Tractarians were determined to have something, which we have accustomed ourselves to do without—certainly upon the terms and the purpose of their earthly apprenticeship." And to that Mr. Shane Leslie, from the side of faith, makes rather bitter echo:

> Of what avail to mock the Victorians, who disdain us from the Olympian heights of their honesty, seriousness, sincerity, and most impregnable of all, their serenity? We avenge ourselves by laughing at people who fought desperately for a surplice or a vestment, made tragedies over lit candles and gave commonplace things the value of eternity.

The last phrase is pregnant: perhaps there, after all, lies the immortal part of the Movement. Its sacramentalism meant in the last resort that the life of man, with all its material as well as its spiritual setting, is a thing of divine and infinite significance. *Numen inest*; there is a divine Presence in the churches and a divine strife in the world. Life is neither a *cul-de-sac* nor a joke, though it may be a tragedy. That spirit still breathes from the dusty piles of the *Tracts*.

THE LEGAL PHILOSOPHY OF MORRIS COHEN*

F. C. Auld

"A rude age has one priceless advantage over an age of higher development; it is not yet acquainted with any principles." It is some forty years since Rudolf von Ihering wrote these words in a spasm of irritation against the abstract juristic ideology, the *Begriffsjurisprudenz*, of his day. It is interesting to speculate as to how far the famous German jurist, were he alive to-day, would be prepared to maintain his dictum. This is an age of blind empiricism in the law: the traditional hostility of the common lawyer to scientific method (it was an English judge who once thanked God that the law of England was not a science) has found encouragement in the efforts of a group who would call themselves iconoclasts, whose

**Law and the Social Order, Essays in Legal Philosophy*, by Morris Cohen, Harcourt Brace, $3.75.

hasty impressionism would sweep away legal science, and make of judicial decision a matter solely of intuitive social engineering, or the automatic response of the judge to the stimulus occasioned by the impact of "hard facts."

If the adherents of the new school claim to have gone through legal philosophy and out beyond it, the legal profession can hardly be said to have reached the threshold of the subject. Neither practising lawyer nor judge is, as a rule, a philosopher. Anglo-American legal thought has always been predominantly practical, professional, independent of the schools. Traditionally, in chambers or moots, the lawyer learned by doing; and of this training the inductive case-law system is but a modern refinement. Lawyers have been concerned with the law as it is, and inclined to boast of complete freedom from any speculative interest in the law that ought to be. Against this attitude, against legal quietism and anti-intellectualism, the present volume of collected essays and reviews comes as a criticism and a challenge.

Professor Morris Cohen has some interesting and timely remarks to make upon the popular idea that the case-law system is the be-all and end-all of a curriculum of legal studies. The prevailing method has been to discard text-books and, in their stead, to place in the hands of students collections of cases without headings or textual comment. From these, with such aid as an instructor can supply, the student is expected to arrive at such inductive generalizations as may be; though the instructor, if he be of the new school, will be ready to warn the student that he must abandon the quest for certainty, that the law consists merely of actual individual decisions, that rules are no part of the law, but are mere subjective ideas in the minds of those who think about them.

Professor Cohen maintains that the case-law system has been so mishandled as to amount to a denial of system. In the first place, it rests upon the popular error that the cases to be found in the reports supply us with adequate material for generalization. Langdell said that "law is to be found in books," but the present Dean of the Harvard Law School, Roscoe Pound, has emphasized the fact that such cases represent the law as it is only for those who can afford the expense of long litigation culminating in appeal, whereas for the great mass of our population, law is administered by police and municipal courts, whose unreported decisions are often at variance with the recorded jurisprudence that obtains in the higher courts. In the second place, there is the illusion that we can dispense with norms of justice, with rules or hypotheses:

> It is an illusion to suppose that we can build up a legal system, or science of the law, by simply gathering all the cases together. For the very first question, What does the case stand for? involves a theoretic issue—On what principle can the actual decision be supported, or from what principle can it be deduced? The notion that a single case, or even a number of cases can by themselves prove a principle is, of course, the old fallacy of arguing from the affirmation of the consequent. If decisions in specific cases are either right or wrong, the whole question of principle is already involved.

True scientific method involves the application of deduction. The method of beginning with hypotheses and deducing conclusions, and then comparing these conclusions with the factual world, is demanded by the author as essential. In scientific method, deduction has three functions: first, it enables us to develop the implication of propositions, and thus to find out their true meaning; second, it helps us to make our assumptions explicit, and thus makes possible a critical attitude

towards them; third, it enables us to deal, not only with the actual, but with the possible. It thus liberates us to explore the field of possibility, where there are to be found many things better than the actual.

Most students of philosophy will agree with Professor Cohen that it is a little strange that legal science, where it relies upon the method of deduction, has been attacked as scholastic and out of harmony with the methods of modern science. No student of Justinian's *Digest*, no one who has any acquaintance whatever with the work of commentators, classical or modern, on the civil law, is likely to make the error of undervaluing deductive methods in the elaboration of sound legal doctrine. But Morris Cohen carries his inquiries into a wide field, to show that the founders of modern science—Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Huygens, Descartes, and Newton, did not despise deduction, and that modern physical discoveries, such as Maxwell's discovery of the electro-magnetic character of light, were brought about by deductive or mathematical procedure. To Bacon we owe the exaltation of induction as the all-sufficient scientific method, but Bacon's claim to be reckoned a natural scientist has not stood the test of time and the verdict of history. The reaction against the philosophies of Fichte, Hegel, and Schelling induced a reliance on the dogma of induction, which found popular exposition in J. S. Mill's *Logic*, and was preached to every schoolboy in Macaulay's persuasive and brilliant, but inaccurate, essay on Bacon.

The method of logic, of deduction from universals, seems to be an unescapable part of true legal science. Yet here our philosophical difficulties begin. Be practical as we will, the assertion in the judgment of a court, let us say, that freedom of contract involves one of those "fundamental principles of justice that inhere in the very

idea of free government," raises, with other problems, the age-old controversy between nominalism and realism. In that controversy Professor Cohen ranges himself with the realists. He repudiates the view of the new anti-intellectual school that law must be seen as a formless mass of isolated decisions, or that legal rights and duties are mere subjective concepts. To deny, as disciples of the new school (if anything really new there be in it) would have us do, that principles and rules exist independently of the comprehension of the individual observer, is to deny the fundamental assumption that we must make if we are to attain any scientific or systematic truth. The nominalist finds a difficulty in seeing the reality of the universals that enter into all meaning, but, surely, if there is a difficulty in conceiving them in objective nature, that difficulty is not cured by putting them in the mind. Professor Cohen expresses the problem with admirable clarity in a paragraph:

> The root difficulty of the nominalist is that he confuses the existence of particular images in individual minds with the objective meaning of principles or rules in our common world. In considering a rule, such as the rule in Shelley's Case, different thinkers may look at it from different points of view and see different phases of it. They will have different images of it in their minds and express themselves in different words, perhaps in different languages. Yet it is possible for them to mean or refer to the same object. Otherwise, there could be no possibility of argument or communication. Communications presuppose a common world.

If, however, true scientific method in the law consists in the process of deduction from universals, it is imperative that we test the validity of what we are tempted to assume, gratuitously, as first principles. Jurists have begun with fundamental assumptions as to fact, *e.g.*, that men desire their economic advantage, and are deterred

from actions to which penalties are attached. Error creeps in when we attempt to set up economic or political maxims of public policy, that are at best applicable only to a given period, as eternal principles for all time. This sort of mistake is to be found in the principles that the public interest always demands competition, a free market, and an open shop, and the maxim that only by the separation of powers, checks, and balances, and judicial control over legislation, can liberty be maintained. (In the first part of Professor Cohen's volume are reprinted a number of book-reviews contributed by the author to *The New Republic*, in which complacent assumptions of this nature by well-known conservatives, such as Herbert Hoover, Elihu Root, and Judge Lucilius Emery, are criticized with penetration and wit.) The other class of first principles which needs examination and overhauling is that of legal postulates which are really ways of procedure or methods of analysis and construction, *e.g.*, the distinction between rights and duties, or between law and equity, the principle that no man can be his own agent, or that no man can convey more or a greater estate than that which in law he has. In a brilliant analysis, which displays a profound knowledge of classical and modern legal literature, Professor Cohen demonstrates the dangers that may lie in an over-hasty application of logic to a complex material, and, further, the inadequacy of an old-fashioned syllogistic logic. Traditional logic, from Aristotle to Mill, is essentially the logic of classificatory zoology and botany: while such a logic is undoubtedly capable of extension, it is best fitted only for the classification of existing things and their inhering qualities. But in law we have to do, practically, with questions not so much of truth as of fitness. The term logic, however, as the author points out in his illuminating review of Tor-

toulon's *Principes Philosophiques de l'Histoire de Droit*, also denotes the correctness of the conclusions drawn from premises: and it is not true that we cannot draw valid inferences when our premises relate to questions of fitness or the adaptation of means to ends. If juristic procedure were to be excluded from science on that ground, we should also have to rule out a physical science like mechanics, which, as Hertz has shown in the introduction to his *Mechanics*, decides questions ultimately in terms of the fitness of a system of propositions. The theoretical sciences now select their fundamental propositions not because of their immediate self-evidence, but because of the system of consequences that follows from them. Such a procedure, such a technique, is adapted to the practical needs of legal science.

The wider conception of logic as dealing with the correctness of inferences from all sorts of assumptions, whether the subject-matter be the conventions of mathematics, or the resolutions of moral science, or the idealizations of the exact sciences, is as yet a matter with which the public is little acquainted. In his *Reason and Nature*, Professor Cohen made a notable contribution to philosophical inquiry in this field. In the present volume, with an astonishing breadth of survey that passes in detailed review all the field of the common law and of contemporary legal philosophy, the author has sought to apply the principles of realistic rationalism which he expounded in his earlier work. It is to be hoped that *Law and the Social Order* will be but prolegomena to a systematic exposition of the field of legal philosophy by a student who, though not a lawyer, may justly be considered one of the leading jurists of our times.

THE TWO KNIGHTS AND ALICE*

A. E. Foot

Until the end of the last century, the task of the men in the vanguard of scientific research was to answer clear and definite questions:—What is a glacier? How are the carbon atoms joined together in a molecule of benzene? What connection is there between chemical action and the passage of electricity through a solution? The answers were eminently satisfactory and secured for the answerers with their experimental skill a lasting fame. But times have changed.

Sir James Jeans tells of a clear and definite question that secured, in the Michelson-Morley experiment, an answer that was pure nonsense. The reaction of science to this momentous incident was slow but of profound significance; it will be particularly appreciated by members of the teaching profession with their familiar readiness to complain of the stupidity of their pupils in answering questions. It was the question and not the answer that was at fault. Since that time the effort to paint in a background to the stage of the universe (on which the performance of the actors was already pretty well known) has rested with the men who have studied the nature of the questions that must be asked of the physical world.

When the electron was first introduced to the general public in 1897, it seemed to be a satisfactory sort of marble to form a basis for the construction of matter. But the mathematicians have shown that it must be futile to inquire simultaneously of an electron both its position and its velocity. And the mathematicians have shown that when we ask many other questions about the begin-

*_The New Background of Science_, by Sir James Jeans, F.R.S., Cambridge University Press (Macmillans in Canada, $2.00).

The Expanding Universe, by Sir Arthur Eddington, F.R.S., Cambridge University Press (Macmillans in Canada, $1.50).

ning and end of the world, its size and its structure, we are only behaving as loyal successors to Charles II in his demands of the Royal Society.

It is said that the layman's school education in mathematics contains no discussion of material that has been developed since 1680; it is unlikely, therefore, that many of the tens of thousands who have cultivated the habit of reading Professor Jeans's last books will understand any of the mathematical formulae in chapters v and vi. And such is the mistrust of the educated mind in the application of a formula of which the derivation is concealed, that, on reading the conclusions in chapters vii and viii, the reader may feel like an English matron when presented with the product of a clever French cook: it may be good, but did it really start from good butcher's meat? In the same way the formula of a synthetic organic dye may appear to the chemist to illuminate for a lay audience the method of its manufacture and use; but experience shows that a lay audience will dismiss it as a jumble of meaningless symbols.

Professor Jeans inevitably leaves his readers suspended by a thread between two stools. The first stool is one of the sort to which they may be accustomed; the legs are decorated with a variety of homely illustration and analogy. The carving and symbolism of these is not quite so apt as that to which readers of Professor Eddington are accustomed: photons are not very much like potatoes; but there is nothing which does not keep a firm contact with familiar ideas. But the other stool appears to have nothing recognizable to the layman as a leg at all. A mathematician may attempt to persuade us that unit diagonal matrices, operators, and the equations of wave mechanics are solid wood, but they have to be attached to the seat by the mathematician's universal nail—the *square root of minus 1*. The reader may have

the same distaste for trusting himself to the stool as a novice in the mountains for an unroped excursion along steps on an ice-wall, even with the assurance from a guide of unimpeachable reliability that it is perfectly safe.

The suspending thread is a philosophical one, and it is the chief merit of the book that its origin is clearly traced. With extensive quotation the strands provided by Plato, Descartes, Newton, Kant, Bradley, Planck, Whitehead, and others, are interwoven into a new and satisfactory rope.

It is not only the price and the size which will bring a greater number of readers through *The Expanding Universe*. Being the enlarged version of a single lecture, it unrolls itself as a single film rather than as a group of pictures of related objects taken from a variety of angles. The scope of this book is quite different, but it is natural to consider it at the same time as that of Professor Jeans since it will attract the same kind of reader in the same kind of mood.

An expert reporter has been engaged on the reconstruction of an incident, which he refers to as a crime. We must pass over the implications of Sir Arthur Eddington's suggestion that the existence and evolution of the universe is of a criminal nature. He uses this analogy because crime is one of the few occurrences in life that stimulate the interest of the average man. He first makes a clear statement of the observational data, and at once answers all the questions which an intelligent but ignorant audience would ask.

He states the law of the recession of the galaxies; and in the same first chapter he answers all these questions:— How is the distance of a galaxy measured? How is its velocity found? How many galaxies have been thus examined? Are all galaxies receding? Why did you not

tell us about this in *The Nature of the Physical World*? Will more galaxies be discovered? Is there any limit to their measured distance from us? Is there any independent evidence for the remarkable circumstances that you relate? What degree of accuracy can be claimed for the measurements?

We leave chapter i with a clear idea of the clue on which the detectives are working, and in chapters ii and iii we are given a picture of one way in which such a crime may have been committed and the conceivable future consequences of the existence of such a criminal. The reader is given just that stimulus to the imagination which brings the Sunday newspapers their million-circulations. There is a picture which he can visualize; a pimply rubber balloon, a pin standing on its head, a twisted ring of blotting paper with a series of blots. These analogies seem to carry us definitely a stage further than the clue; and that is the reason that Professor Eddington gives us more intellectual pleasure than we derive from Professor Jeans's potatoes or railway tickets or even his search for John Smith.

Fortunately for the inexpert reader, Professor Eddington does not involve us in the motive for the crime. He knows that we are not trained psychologists (that is to say, mathematicians), and he appreciates that we cannot understand the only language in which their conclusions can be expressed.

But although the reporter has told a very attractive story, it seems to be possible that the Scotland Yard men will be saying: "That may well please your registered readers, but some of our men have other ways of interpreting the clues, perhaps not so startling nor so artistic, but we have to consider a court of law and a jury; and this is not Hollywood." Moreover, the Scotland Yard men proverbially have big boots and no emotions; they

are likely to look with mistrust on a story told by a man who is capable of "dislike of an imputation," "aesthetic feeling," "disposition to blame," or even "an uneasy feeling."

In the last chapter we are shown that there is a link between the very large and the very small. The link is disclosed by means of symbols and equations that are of a pattern familiar to the layman, and we are left with a consciousness of the significance of two numbers, 79 and 137; these are just the sort of numbers that would have been selected by the White Queen, who, after all, was the real prophetess of relativity. And, like Alice, we emerge from the book feeling the richer from our experience of a world in which ideas are connected together by arguments expressed with a convincing assurance but with results that make us gasp a little:

> "And if you take one from 365," said Humpty Dumpty "what remains?"
>
> "364, of course," said Alice.
>
> "That shows that there are 364 days when you might get un-birthday presents—"
>
> "Certainly," said Alice.
>
> "And only *one* for birthday presents. There's glory for you!"
>
> "I don't know what you mean by 'glory'," Alice said.
>
> Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. "Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant 'there's a nice knock-down argument for you!'"
>
> "But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knock-down argument,'" Alice objected.
>
> "When *I* use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."
>
> "The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."
>
> "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."